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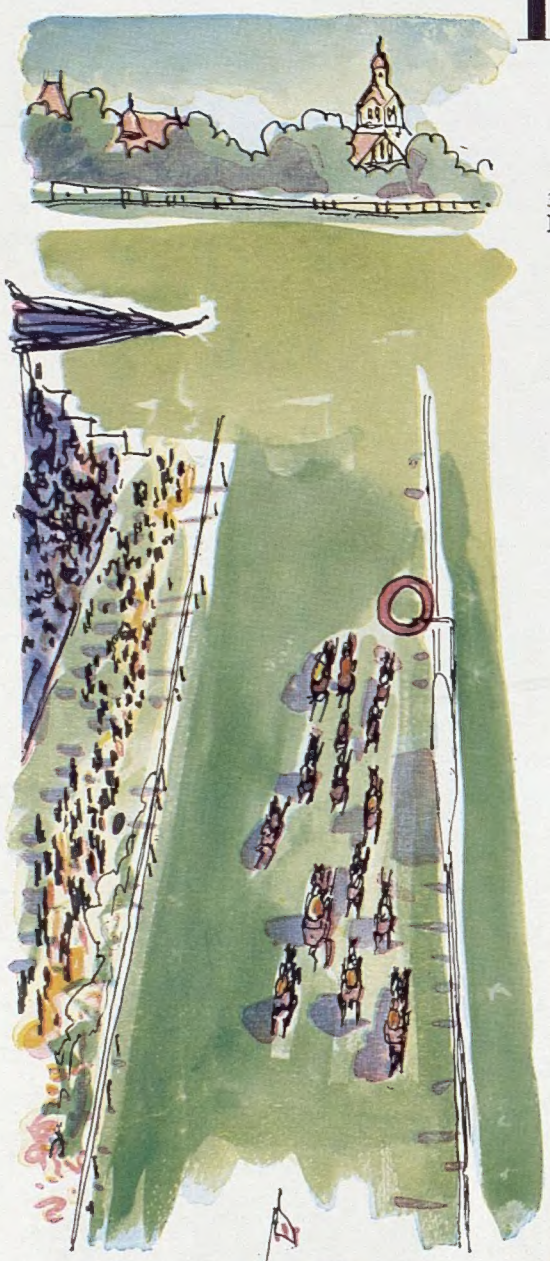

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

LITTLE FISH ARE SWEET. So are many small British hotels and inns of my knowledge. The reason? The owners mostly run them themselves. They imbue them with their personality and one is made to feel welcome.

Take, for example, The Bugle at Titchfield, in Hampshire. A small inn standing in the Square, The Bugle dates back to the fourteenth century. Completely renovated in recent years, there are now three double bedrooms, as well as a convivial lounge-bar and a small dining-room. The latter is the focal-point, for the *à la carte* meals (with supper licence) and comprehensive wine list are well known as far afield as Bristol. Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Keith-Wright are responsible for the growing reputation of The Bugle, and we commend their hospitality to Hamble yachtsmen, business people and others who appreciate a quiet village between Portsmouth and Southampton.

Travelling westwards on the Wimborne/Dorchester/Bridport road you may, like us, have been in a dilemma where to stop for a meal or the night. Note, then, the little village of Chideock, on the westward side of Bridport. Here are two small hotels where in each we have lunched and dined with satisfaction.

So many motorists pass through this charming village and fail to see The George Inn beckoning by the roadside. We must confess to have been among them. Never, so long as Mr. and Mrs. Charlesworth are "Mine Hosts," will we fail to halt awhile, for the homely food was delicious, everything everywhere was spotlessly clean. We took our ease in a pleasant bar and small lounge and, to our intense surprise, the sea is within a few minutes' walking distance.

Hotels offering an extended meal service are few and often far between. When Mr. R. Oxley, an experienced hotelier by the way, purchased the sixteenth-century Clock House Hotel at Chideock, however, he was quick to realise the importance of catering for touring motorists, as well as the more static holiday-maker. Standing as it does on the A.35 road, this hotel is in the front line as far as meals are concerned and, when we say that there is scarcely an hour of the day from 8.30 a.m. to 10 p.m. when you cannot get refreshment of some sort, you will see that the battle is as good as won. However, we must not stress the short-term aspect too much, for there are seven charming bedrooms upstairs, all furnished and decorated with the age of the building in mind.

But if fortune fails you and there is "no room at the inn," call a halt at Charmouth. The Queen's Armes, an eye-catching, long, two-storied house in Charmouth's main street, once a pilgrims' hotel then an inn, has of recent years reverted to its original role of guest house, or private hotel for travellers. Amongst much evidence of its historic past, ask to see the roses painted by pilgrims on the panelling in the Tudor Room; Catherine of Aragon's coat-of-arms (she stayed here in 1501), and King Charles II's bedroom where he was a fugitive. There we must leave its fascinating past to dwell on modern-day comforts. Carefully renovated, everything bright and clean, a comely and comfortable residents' lounge, a fascinating oak-beamed dining-room and, apart from homely Dorset fare, afternoon teas are a feature with home-made cakes cooked by Mrs. Jones, one's hostess.

Time and time again, I have advocated motorists diverting off the busy main road if they wish to be sure of a quiet night's sleep, and what better place could motorists on the Bath Road choose for sweet repose than that photogenic village of Castle Combe, six miles from Chippenham. Here by the ancient village market cross stands the six-bedroomed Castle Inn, where Eileen and Geoffrey Grace offer traditional hospitality. Lunch and dinner are expertly cooked and presented, and the bedrooms, whose character has been carefully preserved, are surprisingly modern in their appointments. Here one must give a word of warning—one *must* book ahead. Telephone Castle Combe 233, because the bedrooms are so few, all meals are cooked individually and good wine must have time to breathe.

Sometimes even a few yards off a main road is sufficient to ensure quietness and, to illustrate the point, we spent a night recently at Greyhorses Hotel, once the country/seaside home of the late Cyril Maude, situated at Little Common, just outside Bexhill, and off the main road leading to Eastbourne. Over the years Mr. and Mrs. Gamble have found that, by closing in the winter, the standard of the interior of the house could be more easily maintained, and this is most evident in the various matching colour schemes in the bedrooms, the crisp, chintz chair covers in the lounge and bright paintwork everywhere. Thus, with good home cooking, a home-like atmosphere has been retained and this is in no way disturbed by the addition of a small club bar. Greyhorses is already well known to a number of professional men and their families who prefer a holiday outside, yet within easy reach of, a seaside resort.

Little fish are sweet. What more natural than one's thoughts should turn to fishing. My mind switched to the Monmouth area, where last year we paid a visit to The Old Mill House Country Club at Rockfield. As the name implies, the river (in this case the Monnow) is only a few yards from the house, but that is where the resemblance to a mill ends. Opened as a Country Club by Mr. and Mrs. S. Barker—whom we knew for many years at The Royal Hotel, Symonds Yat—the main attraction is fishing. The lawns of the fine garden slope gently to the river, where guests have three miles of reserved trout fishing. For salmon fishing there are two rods on the lower reaches of the River Wye, and both are within easy reach. Apart from the fishing, however, we suggest The Old Mill House as a good spot to visit in July, August and the Autumn, for it makes a splendid centre for touring.

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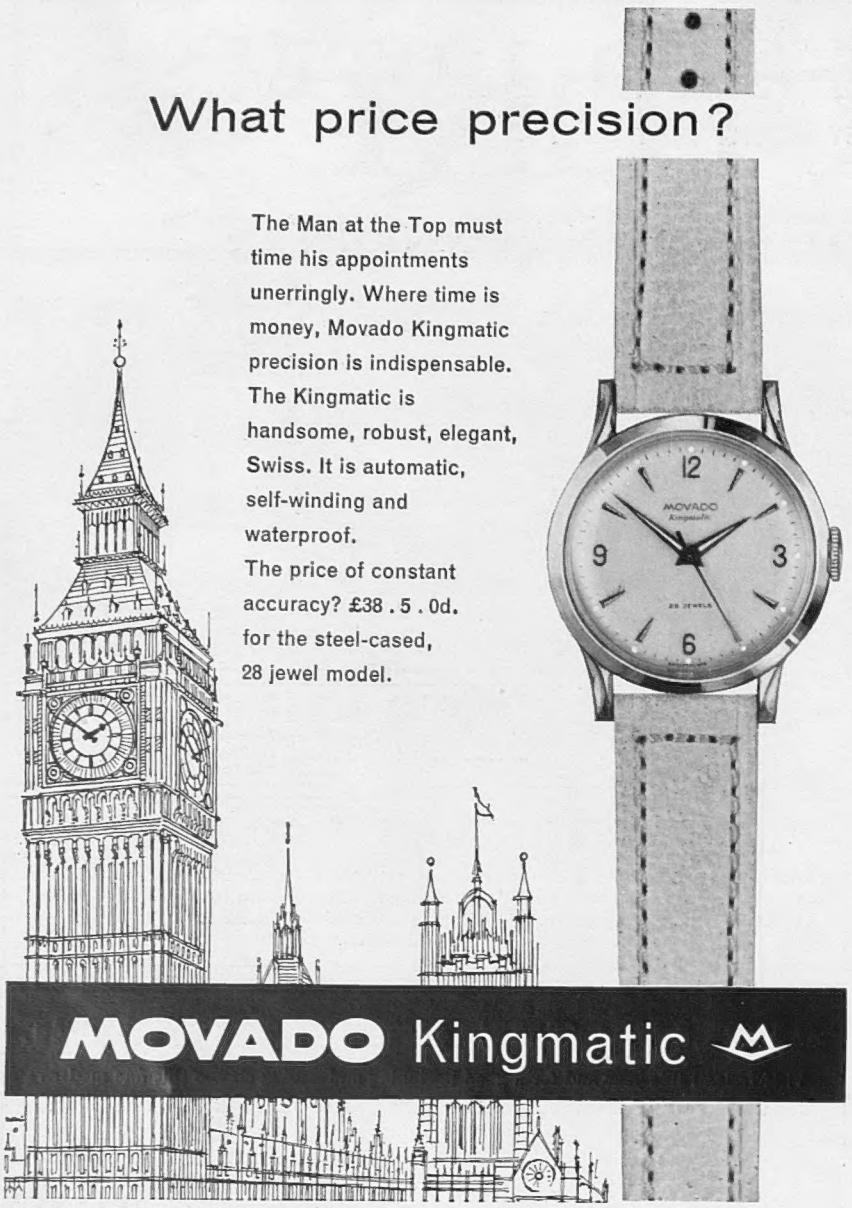

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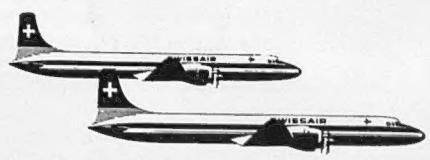

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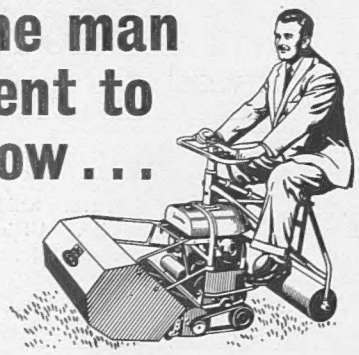

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Issued by The Ceylon Tourist Bureau, Colombo 1

Volume CCXXXVII No. 3080

The SPHERE, London, April 11, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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MR. NEHRU WITH THE DALAI LAMA—A RETROSPECT TO 1956: This picture shows the Dalai Lama with the Indian Leader in Delhi, when the Tibetan spiritual and temporal ruler made his first visit to India. In the same year he went to China. At the beginning of this week, it was reported that the Dalai Lama was safe inside the Towang monastery, fifty miles on the Indian side of the Tibetan border. As news of his arrival reached Britain other reports told of continued heavy fighting inside Tibet.

So inaccessible is Tibet and so vast and rugged the surrounding areas that information has taken much time to accumulate and is still largely speculative. There seems little doubt that Chinese measures, particularly in Lhasa and against the Khamba tribesmen, have equalled the Russian repression exercised in the Hungarian uprising of 1956. Vestiges of Tibetan autonomy, her military forts and some ancient palaces and shrines, are stated to be destroyed. Early this week an atmosphere of mystery surrounded the locality of continued fighting as well as the precise details of the Dalai Lama's journey. In Delhi Mr. Nehru was unable to say how the Chinese and Indian Governments received news of the Dalai Lama's escape at roughly the same time. As the Tibetan ruler rested in Towang monastery before starting on the journey towards an airstrip, Mr. Nehru said it was not settled where the Dalai Lama would stay in India. Asked if he would take any steps to restore Tibet's autonomy, he said that the Chinese Government had not denied that Tibet should be autonomous. He reiterated his desire for friendly relations with China. (Further pictures on pages 42 and 51.)

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

THE PRIME MINISTER WITH THE ROYAL AIR FORCE: Mr. Macmillan meets fully-equipped paratroops lined up in front of a Beverley freighter during his visit to the R.A.F. station at Cottesmore, in Rutland. He also watched a demonstration by V-bomber squadrons. Mr. Macmillan's visit to Cottesmore followed a similar visit to the R.A.F. College, Cranwell.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

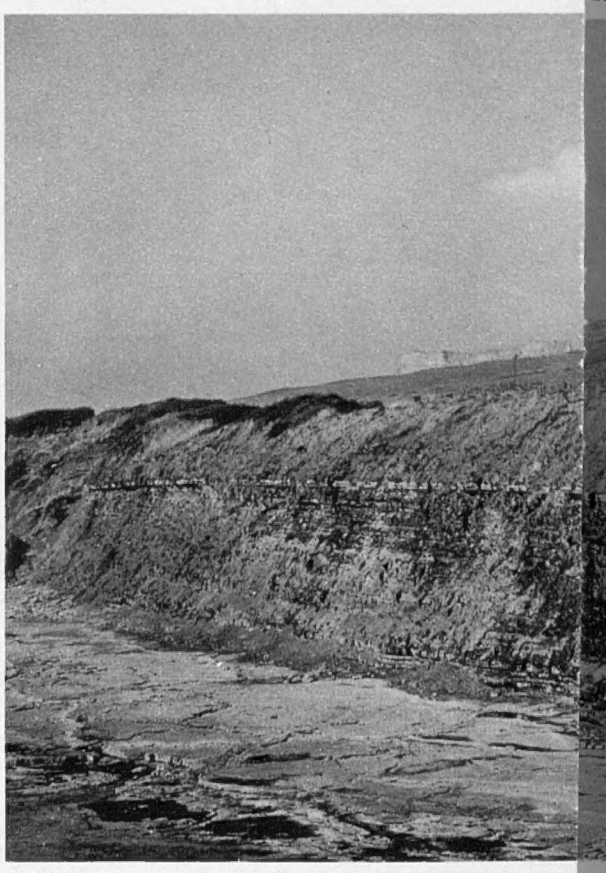
Tibet—A veil of secrecy and rumour lies over Tibet, Lhasa and the Dalai Lama. It is said that now the Supreme Tibetan Council, the Dalai Lama's Cabinet, moved to action by popular demand, has denounced the 7-point treaty with China and proclaimed Tibet independent, and has demanded the withdrawal of Chinese troops. That the Chinese have increasingly violated the treaty is not in doubt. Probably there is exaggeration in the claims of the Dalai Lama's brother of a trick to kidnap the Dalai Lama and of the mowing-down with machine-guns of thousands of innocent Tibetans by Communist troops. But latest reports suggest that the Summer Palace is shelled to ruins and the revolt crushed with an iron hand; the Dalai Lama has reached India and been granted temporary asylum. No doubt there have been guerilla incidents, countered by better-armed occupation troops, and no doubt popular feeling in Tibet is greatly excited against the Chinese, not least for the contemptuous way in which their spiritual leader has long been treated. We know more about the forbidden city and Tibet generally than was known twenty years ago. Travellers' tales have opened it out a lot, but still mystery hangs over that remote people. But from what we know and what we don't know, most of us would sympathise in Tibet's aspirations and grievances and say that, if ever the modern and worldwide demand for sovereignty was appropriate and justified, it is deserved and justified coming from Tibet, which had for so long conducted its secret way of life with no desire to meddle in the affairs of neighbour states, asking only to be left alone, and never offering its territory as asylum for political plotters, at any rate before the Chinese invasion five years ago. Such a demand from a decent and politically innocent people should appeal, above all, to Mr. Nehru, and it must have surprised many of his admirers and disappointed the Tibetans that his reply to their appeal to him for moral support was so dusty an answer: he could not risk giving offence to India's good and powerful neighbour, Communist China. Chiang promised forceful aid to Tibet in certain events, but it seems unlikely that he could have cashed any provisional promissory note.

Non-Aggression Pact—Why Not?—I always understood that Western leaders look coolly on non-aggression pacts between Russia and *individual* Western powers, chiefly because they suspected them as bare-faced attempts to disintegrate the solidity of Western alliance. I also believed that any proposal of the sort which can be interpreted and implemented under the terms of the NATO charter would be in principle free from objection or immediate rejection, and at least worthy of study. Yet there is nothing new in Russia's latest proposal for a non-aggression pact between the Warsaw Pact nations and the NATO nations. I have never understood why such a pact is objectionable to the West merely because it might be broken. There is no harm in a non-aggression pact between a householder and a burglar if the former continues to keep his watchdog alert and his burglar-bells on the shutters. The pact has at least the merit of a gesture towards a better understanding, and, as such, may convince some outsiders that the protagonists are not all warmongers. Accordingly, I am depressed by the customary cool and cynical reception of Russia's new-old proposal, which is couched in conciliatory terms and even makes new concessions of a sort in regard to non-assistance to an aggressor. In short, I deplore that almost every Russian proposal for easing tension—and even the Rapacki plan—is so quickly branded as objectionable to the West, because, it seems to me, a too-swift objection plays into Russia's hands and throws the blame for the cold war on the West. The mere fact that the plans appear to the West to be capable of advantaging Russia at the expense of the West does not seem to justify so cynical and quick a rejection. A little more courtesy—even specious—can do no harm and is good as propaganda. I sometimes wish that we had a Foreign Office "spokesman" rather less *conscius recti*, rather more alive to the trends of public and world opinion, and even possessed of better manners and shrewder common sense.

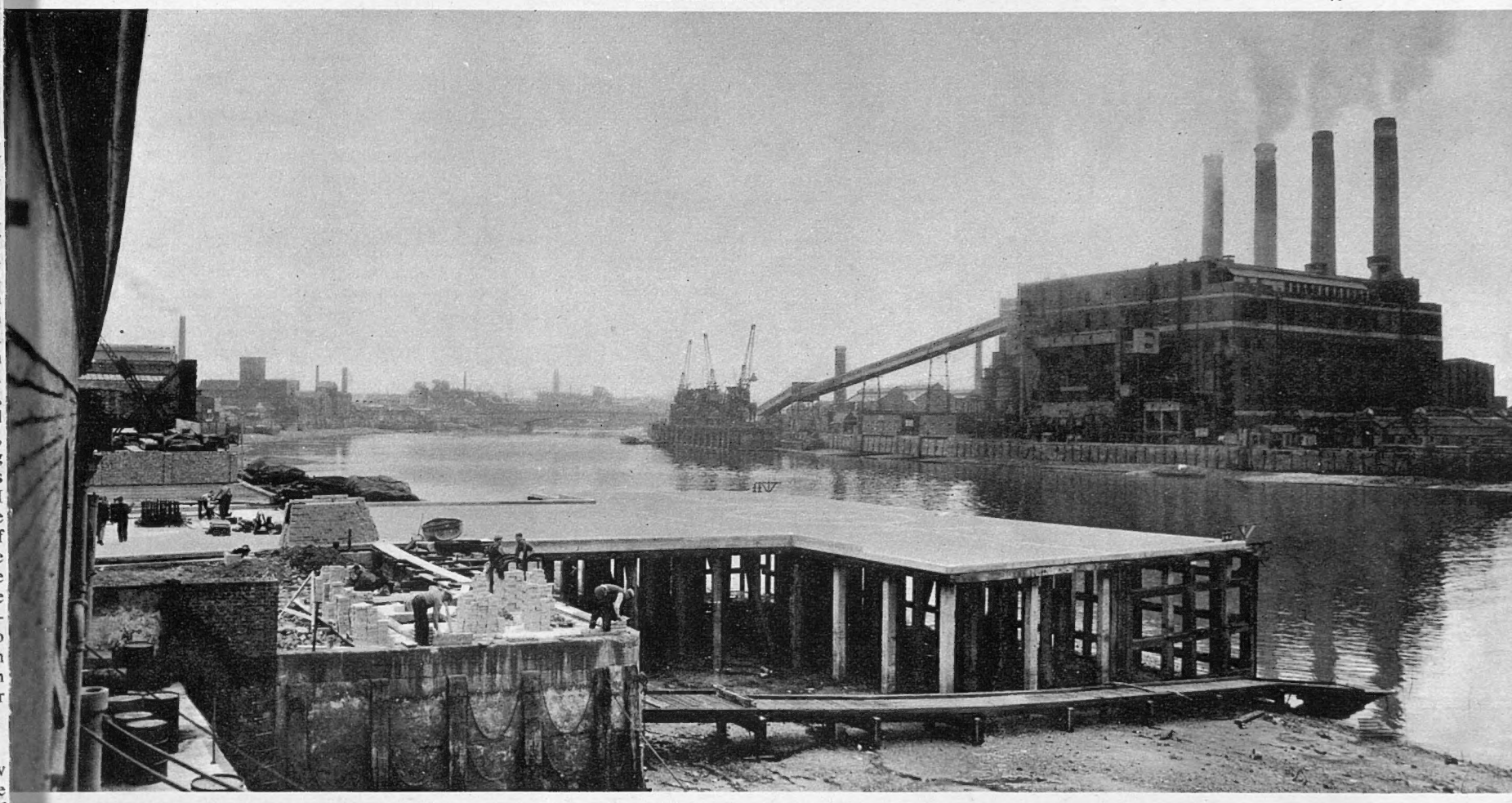
Up to Malta—The ceremony of handing over the Malta dockyard by the Admiralty to Messrs. Bailey, commercial ship repairers, was significant enough, and if local feeling was mixed and cool among the unions and workers, Messrs. Bailey, courageous pioneers, soon showed that they at least meant well to the islanders. They took over all the 6,000 dockyard workers and on terms as favourable as before, or more so. If all goes well, then, the dockyard is assured of business for a century, always provided the unions and men co-operate and not hinder. But the Maltese people must keep political fevers under control, and their leaders make it possible to restore representative government, so that other new industries can soon be attracted to Malta and so help to turn a budget deficit of £4,500,000 into a surplus and make Malta a little less dependent on British financial aid, which is likely to run at £6,000,000 a year for the next five years. Once Malta is self-supporting, many of the grievances which have bedevilled the island may fade out. Perhaps—remembering our debt to the Maltese in the war and the then vital importance to Britain of the George Cross island—the valedictory phrases might have been more tactfully worded at the ceremony: the dockyard had ceased to be of any military value to Britain with her reduced fleet and under modern conditions of warfare. The words could have been grouped a little more sentimentally, a little less realistically.

Who Gets Home?—A recent investigation in a *Times* leader under the above heading into the qualities which bring one man out of so many to No. 10, Downing Street, interested me. Why did Fox, Harcourt, Curzon fail? Why, it might be asked, did Addington or Grafton succeed? Why did so many brilliant aspirants fall by the wayside—Dilke, Lord Randolph, George Wyndham, not to mention some still living? For many of those who fell by the way, surely special reasons existed to account for the falls. *The Times* concluded—and I am sure rightly—that an infinite capacity for hard work, relentless slogging, alone can lead to the end of the road. That is true, I am sure, of all those who attained the goal and thereafter made a success of it. But surely luck has played a part in attaining the goal in many cases, and the slogging and infinite capacity came to the full only with the realisation of power. (It has been so with sovereigns as well as with Premiers. The job made them as often they made a success of the job.) Baldwin came in because Curzon was barred, Addington because Pitt refused to emerge. But by and large all our Premiers whom History acclaims, whether they affected to detest public life or clearly revelled in power, built up their reputations, as *The Times* says, by selfless devotion to the duties of office, though stressing perhaps some of those duties above others. Are the demands on a Premier heavier to-day than in Victorian times? I should have supposed they are, and very much more heavy. But some students of politics say that the strain of battle was infinitely heavier in the Edwardian and in some Victorian phases, and that the gigantic statesmen of those eras only conserved their strength for the battle because they had not worn themselves out by desk work and non-stop global conferences. However it may be, the men who got home have all earned my sympathy, and some of them my admiration. But very few of them were odds-on favourites for the race at the time they were entered; for the race is far more like the National than the Derby.

"An Elephant Proper"—Mr. Andrew Fountaine, aged forty-one, Squire of Narford, was the *tertium quid*, the note of interrogation, the spielman, of the South-West Norfolk by-election. Invalided out of the Navy as a result of serious injuries in the Second World War, he deserted the Conservative Party and entered the lists as an Independent under a "national" banner. His nationalism is based on the political philosophy of the eighteenth-century Tory squire: "God made a great mistake when he made foreigners." "One Englishman is worth a dozen dagos." "The best way to deal with niggers is to thrash them." It pains him that nowadays any dago can kick an Englishman in the pants and get away with it, while if one so much as pushes a nigger, all Westminster goes up in smoke. South-West Norfolk is a pantheon of England's greatness in the great days of her glory and leadership, and Norfolk men have long memories and peculiar county and national pride and obstinacy. So thought the Squire and there was nothing "invalided" about his oratory. What he did not calculate was whether his intervention, if too successful, might not bring about the still further shrinkage in Britain's great imperial heritage if it should confirm the Socialist in the seat and ruin the chances of a Tory victory in a vital marginal seat and juncture. He had no hope at all of doing more than saving his own deposit—which he failed to do. His intervention, therefore, was the work



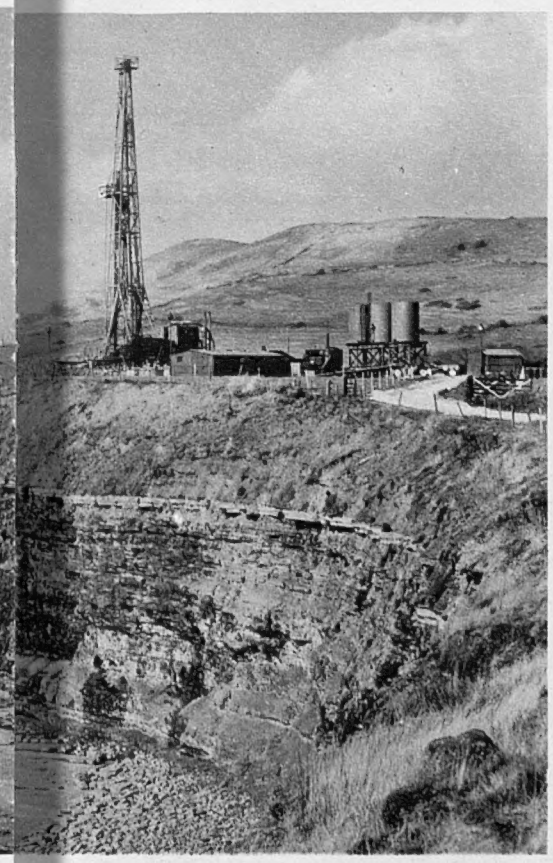
OIL IN DORSET: The drilling rig of the Broadbench No. 1 W[ell] ... been found there by the B.P. Exploration Comp[any] ... probably to 4,000 ft. Much further work is requ[ired]



DON'S FIRST HELIPORT: The T-shaped concrete landing platform of the new helicopter terminal juts into the Thames at Battersea. The piles supporting the platform are made of steel and concrete. The heliport is on the south bank of the Thames opposite Fulham Power Station. Built by Westland Aircraft Limited, it will be opened on April 23 by Mr. John Hay, M.P. Helicopters will fly along the river when landing. Services will include radio communication, navigational aids and refuelling, towing and parking facilities.

a "rogue elephant," and elephants bulk large in his t of arms. But he is entirely acquitted of having spoiled chance of a Tory victory. The electors once more ted for Socialism and increased its majority, even if the votes cast for him had gone to the Tories. Significant nter for the General Election? I haven't a clue. But ne of the bulls among the Tory prophets have had to e down.

Pre-election 'Flu—Mr. Harold Wilson and . Morgan Phillips clearly both went down to the rpest attacks of pre-election fever when they accused . Butler in his recent political T.V. interview of "trying swing a critical by-election." Mr. Butler produced of the few party political broadcasts I ever listened to out distaste. He raised the tone of that sorry function. was clear, fair, statesmanlike and broadminded. He ke for a nation and not a party. He answered, *ex pore* questions prepared by his tormentors who were all of his way of thinking. When I recall the smart stinging "capital" made by nearly all Labour spokesmen, and many Liberal and Tory, in earlier party political broadcasts, I marvelled at, while I admired, his refusal to imitate them. Anyway, why agree to party political broadcasts in an election year if party politics are barred? Why is it perfectly fair to try to "swing an election" one way or another in the Press or on the hustings, if it is disgraceful to do so on T.V. or broadcasting? Not that Mr. Butler tried it on. When he was faced with the last question, his answer to which aroused the wrath of the Socialists, he replied *ex tempore* that the "choice was for the electors." Convict him of a bromide, but not of a vicious blow below the belt. No doubt, pre-election 'flu unseats human reason. For my part, Mr. Butler's T.V. appearance satisfied me that as long as Mr. Macmillan could rely on a deputy so loyal, so fair, so clear and so patriotic as Mr. Butler, he could safely go on his travels in search of world peace and feel that all would be adequately handled on the home front. Well, make up your mind to a sub-normal children's-hour of long duration between May and October. The antics and ink-slinging of the lowest form at *Do-the-boys* Hall won't be in it with those of the partisans.



s on the edge of the cliffs near Kimmeridge. Oil has bout 1,800 ft. in limestone. Drilling will continue, the drilling can prove commercial possibilities.

Marchers—I often feel ashamed (or did, when I was younger) that I did not possess the resistance to mockery, the sheer blind enthusiasm, the energy and the will, to take part in public demonstrations concerning causes with which at heart and broadly I sympathised. I was quite in sympathy with votes for women, but not to the point of militancy leading to forcible feeding; and with many of the causes that have been publicly backed by gestures, marches, deputations and rallies from women's suffrage to anti A-bombs, I have broadly sympathised and stood by while robuster men and women faced the scorn, obloquy and discomforts of rain and cold. These are, I make no doubt, the pioneers of reforms, the heroes of good causes, the martyrs that blazed the trail on blazing faggots. We others are the lukewarm who have no objection to benefit from a lost cause won but have no intention to put ourselves out to win it. What deters us is fear of ridicule and discomfort, a certain distaste for the *outré* appearance of some of the more fanatical, their tastes in brass-band music and slogans, and a feeling that such holidays as may come our way are better spent on the seashore or the golf-course than in trailing in a ragged regiment through the rain in an army with banners. And finally, many of us have an intellectually snobbish dislike of signing our names to a Press-protest, joining in a deputation or mingling with any body of people largely strangers to us and to our way of life. In short, we are not of the stuff that makes pioneers and reformers. And then again, the "cause" must at least be "practical politics," susceptible of success even by minorities and by the means they choose. They were true pioneers who marched during the Easter holiday from Aldermaston to London, though one lost leader drew back. And for an odd cause: the Direct Action Committee, she claimed, had tried to induce Socialist voters in Norfolk *not* to vote. How would the cause have benefited by a *Conservative* victory? But these pioneers had all the qualities, and I am sure I wish their sacrifices, enthusiasm and methods could be applied to many reforms more likely to be successful than one so fearfully complicated as the A-bomb or so busybody as putting down stag-hunting.

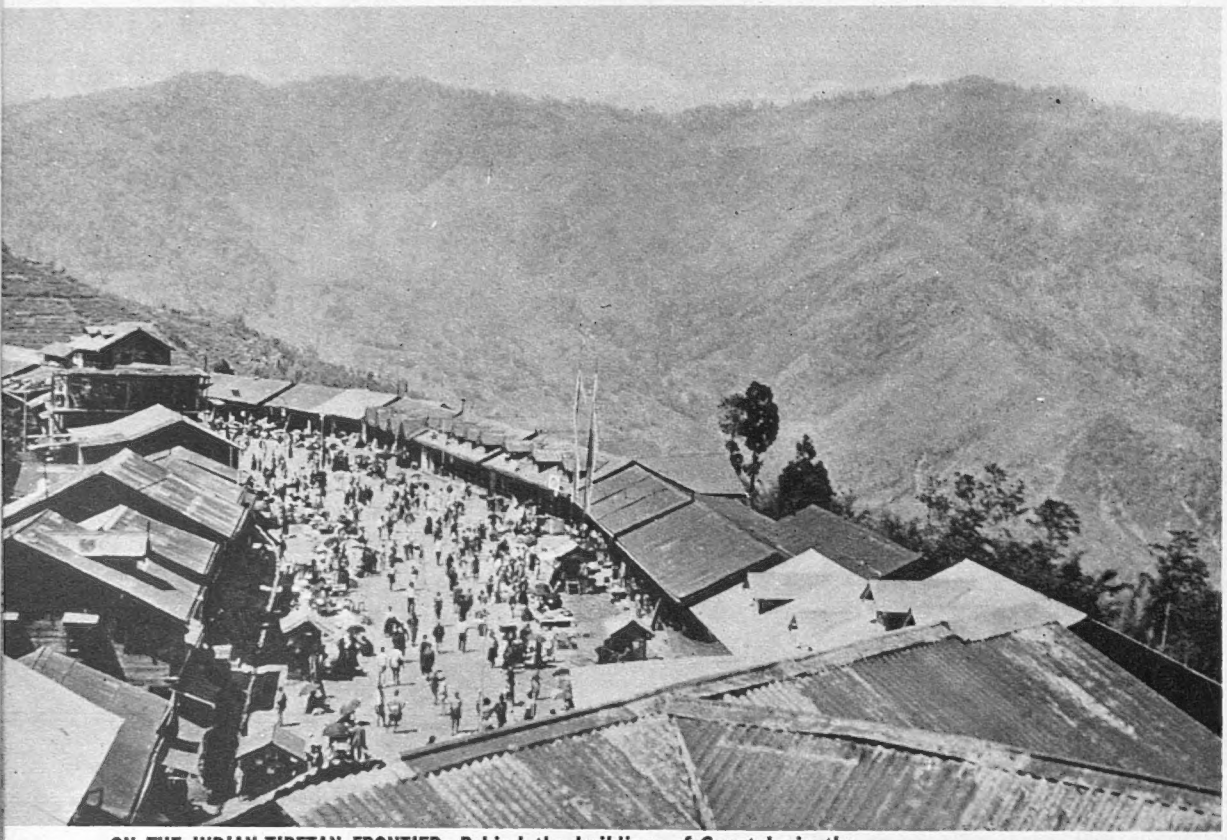
Roman Chichester—The mosaics and other beauties and "modern amenities" at the Roman villa at Bignor have for twenty-five years given pleasure to me, my family and guests. So I am delighted to hear that recently excavations in East Street, Chichester, have unearthed a Roman pavement comparable with the best at Bignor. A direct road, still visible, led over the down from Roman Chichester to the great villa at Bignor, thought to be the retreat of a Roman governor of that town; and after all those centuries Chichester remains laid out in essentials as a Roman town with great lengths of its surrounding Roman walls still standing in fair repair. No doubt, too, the modern and classic eighteenth-century buildings there are founded on Roman work; and, lying hid beneath them, still awaiting discovery, must be many more beautiful examples of mosaic work which formed part of Roman public or private or religious buildings. If such floors can be preserved *in situ* and sheltered from weather, as at Bignor, it is to be preferred. But modern conditions and commercial considerations seldom make that possible in cities, and the mosaics can look well enough in museums and even in private houses, as instance the superb example from Silchester that has floored the hall at Stratfield Saye since the First Duke of Wellington's day.

Dogs in Church—Sometimes I have thought that "they ordered things better" in Scotland than in England, in matters small and large, in the old days. The Scots used to get better results from education, and their kirks were better attended by children and men. Then, again, their Ministers are still far better versed in the technique of extemporary prayer than some of our parsons to-day. Perhaps sometimes there has been more realism in the reasoning and practice of the Scot. In the matter of dogs attending church, for instance. Without a doubt, that freedom brought many a shepherd or farmer down the glen on the Sabbath to attend kirk. There was no reason, there *is* no reason, why in England empty churches should not benefit from the permission to "come to church and bring your dog." At least one bishop has recently so pronounced, and the Provost of Southwell, Notts, has jumped to the idea with a posted notice: "*Dogs Welcome.*" Of course, the dogs must behave, just as the dog-lovers and dog-owners must behave. There are still in existence, in several parishes, official posts of "dog-whipper," and activity in that office could quickly be revived in certain events. Dogs are sometimes a problem and deterrent to would-be churchgoers, and some dogs might well set an example of reverent conduct to humans. If they slept towards the end of a long sermon, that could not fairly be chalked up against the canine world. At times the human race has succumbed to the same frailty.

THE OLD STAGER

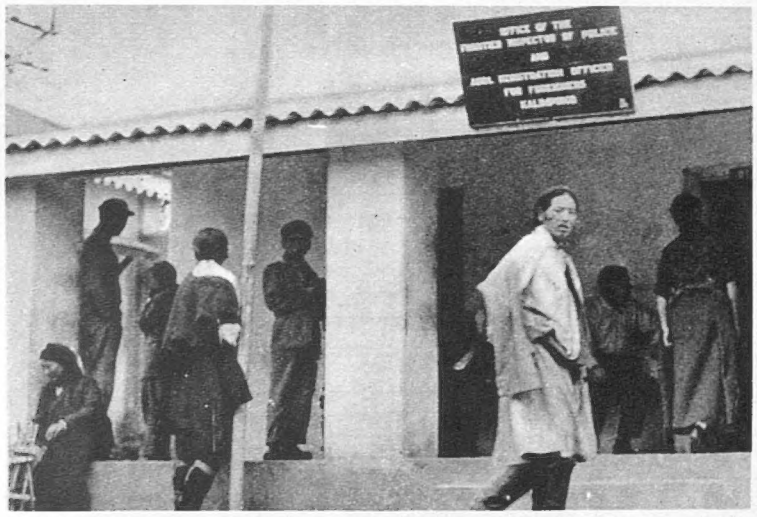
REVOLT ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

Chinese Repression in Tibet, and Delegations to See Mr. Nehru in Delhi

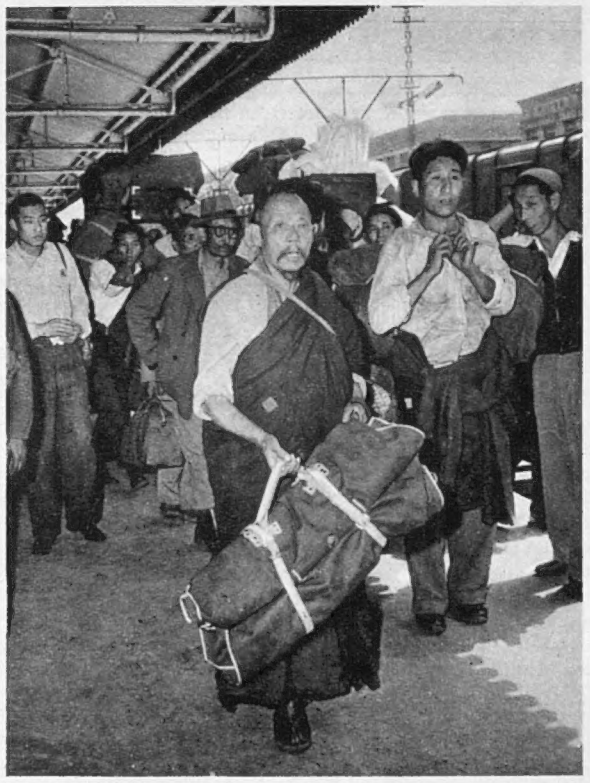


ON THE INDIAN-TIBETAN FRONTIER: Behind the buildings of Gangtok, in the tiny State of Sikkim, are the mountains of the Tibetan border. It was through difficult terrain similar to this that the Dalai Lama made his escape from Lhasa to the monastery at Towang, to the east of Gangtok.

INSIDE TIBET: Chinese engineers conduct a survey of the mountainous countryside "somewhere in Tibet." The picture was obtained from a Chinese Government source.

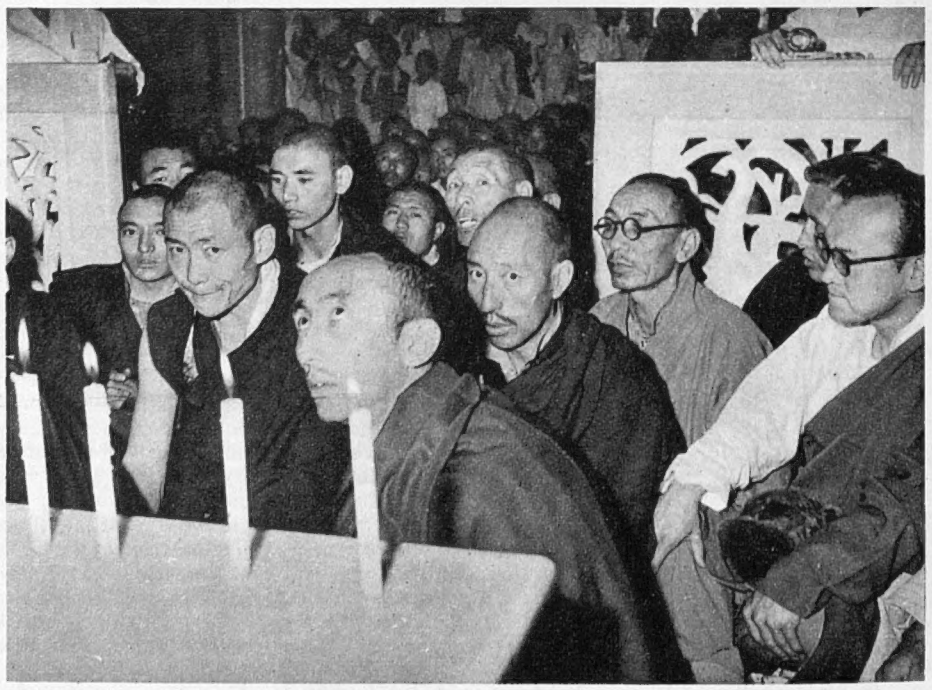


FRONTIER OFFICE AT KALIMPONG: Tibetans who came to India before the revolt wait to renew their residence permits—at the time it was not known what measures the Indian Government would take to control the influx of refugees. *Right*—A Tibetan smiles, holding his residence permit.



A DELEGATION TO SEE MR. NEHRU: Some of the eighty Tibetans from Northern India in the delegation leave the Delhi railway station on their arrival in the Indian capital.

DISCUSSING THE SITUATION: In Delhi some of the Tibetans who arrived to see Mr. Nehru sit cross-legged in a circle. Later Mr. Nehru saw the delegation, led by Mr. Lukhangwa, and said he could not intervene in Tibetan affairs.



PRAYING FOR THE SAFETY OF THEIR COUNTRY: Led by the Lama (centre) Tibetans pray in the Buddhist shrine in Delhi. The Dalai Lama, in his escape from Tibet, reached Towang, one of the largest Buddhist monasteries in India, situated in the North-east Frontier Agency.

A DAY OFF FOR MR. HEATHCOAT AMORY: The Chancellor of the Exchequer indicates the nautical course and not economic trends to the crew of sea cadets in his yacht *Ailanthus*. He took the six boys with him on a four-hour trip from Gillingham, in Kent, down the Medway Estuary on Sunday last, two days before Budget day. On his return to shore, Mr. Heathcoat Amory was cheered by the cadets, all of whom come from the Harrow unit of the Sea Cadet Corps. On Monday he gave Budget details to the Cabinet.

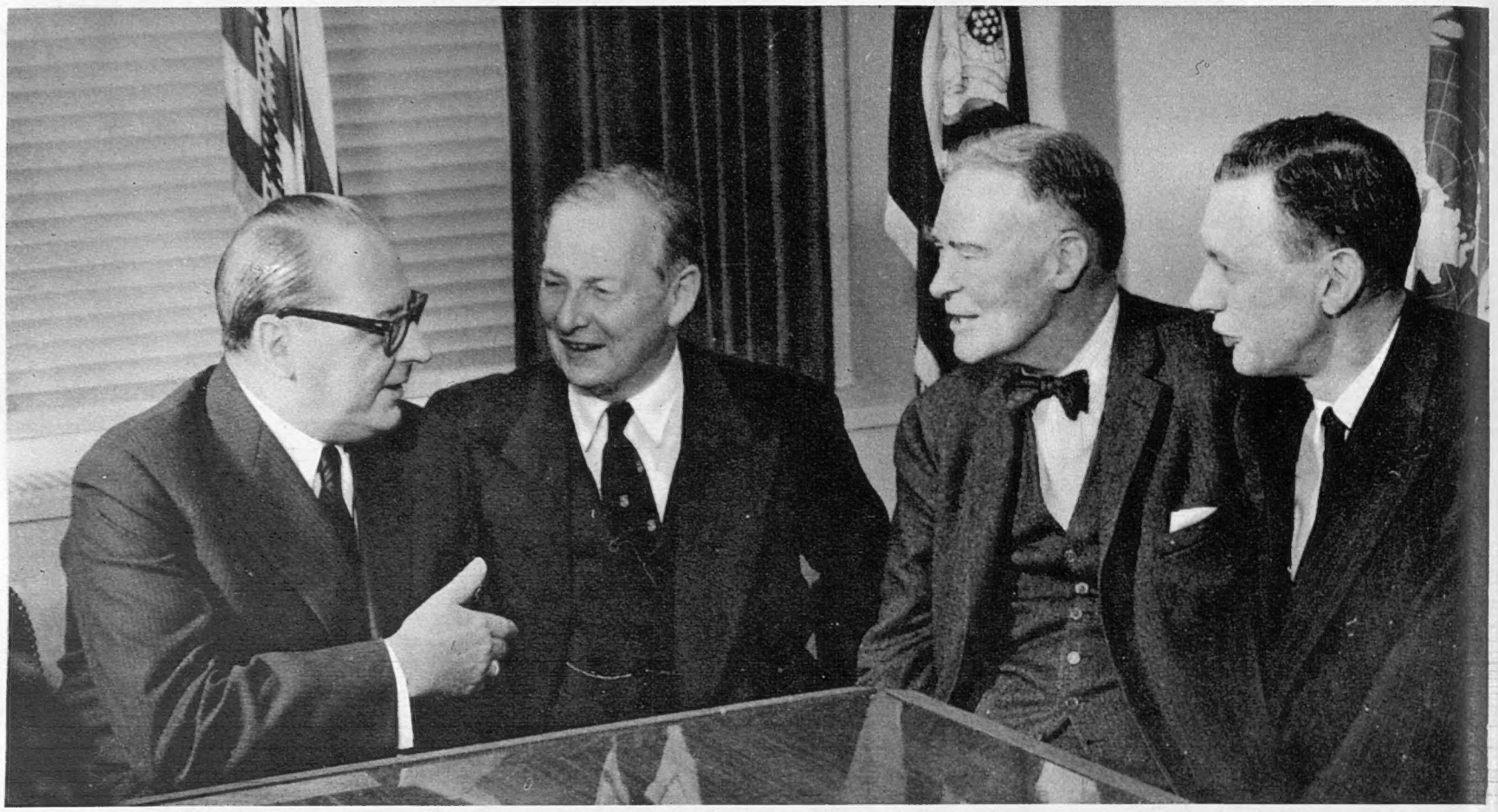
PRELUDE TO THE BUDGET

The Chancellor of The Exchequer Goes Sailing in the Medway Estuary

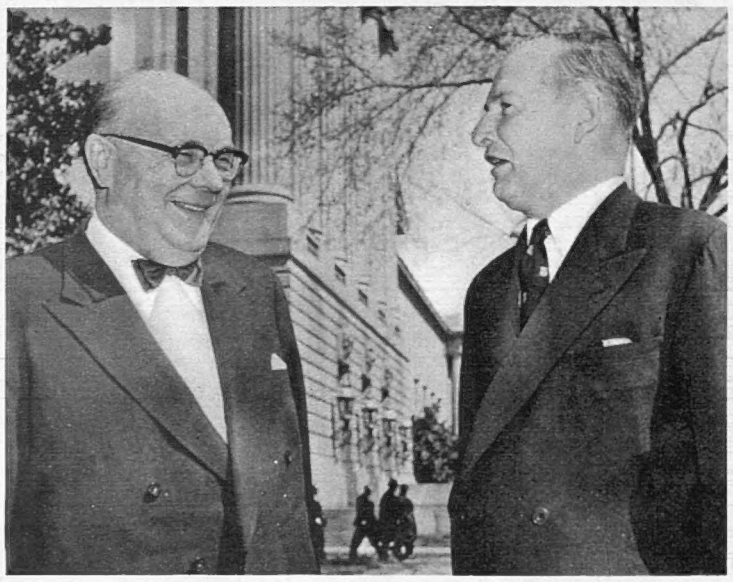
Any journalist would envy the six boys who went sailing with Mr. Heathcoat Amory in the Medway last Sunday. Four hours alone with the Chancellor and less than forty-eight hours to go before the Budget! But, according to reliable reports, the only inflationary trends discussed were those of the wind in the sails, and though the term consumption appeared on the agenda of proceedings, it related strictly to the mastication of a luncheon of cold meat, bread, cheese, pickles and tinned fruit. Even onlookers who eyed with extreme interest the brown hold-all Mr. Amory carried aboard were in for a disappointment. No fiscal documents were inside it, only a yachting sweater. In the evening Mr. Amory returned to London to put the finishing touches to his Budget. On Monday he outlined his plans in detail to the Cabinet, before going to Windsor to have audience with the Queen and dine with her.

Undismayed by the fact that the sea cadets could give no information about "buried treasure," political pundits meanwhile continued their prophecies. *The Economic Survey for 1959*, which was published last week and is the annual document regarded as the curtain-raiser to the Budget, indicated that the Chancellor would have a minimum of £200,000,000 to distribute in the form of tax reliefs. It was anticipated that reductions might be made in income tax and purchase tax, among other benefits to the public. But against such possibilities recognition was given to the warning inherent in the *Economic Survey* that the future depends on price stability and maintenance of export trade.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



THE ATLANTIC COUNCIL IN WASHINGTON: From left are Herr von Brentano (West Germany); Mr. Selwyn Lloyd (U.K.); Mr. Herter (United States Under-Secretary of State) and M. Couve de Murville (France). At the tenth anniversary Council of the NATO powers last week, Mr. Herter represented Mr. Dulles, who was still recuperating from his last operation. *On right*—Mr. Selwyn Lloyd talks with M. Spaak, the Secretary-General of NATO. The North Atlantic Treaty Organisation was founded in 1949 to meet Stalin's threat to Berlin. Ten years later Berlin was again the chief subject of discussion. Washington reports stated that the West would stand firm on Berlin but would be flexible on other matters for negotiation with Moscow.



On left—

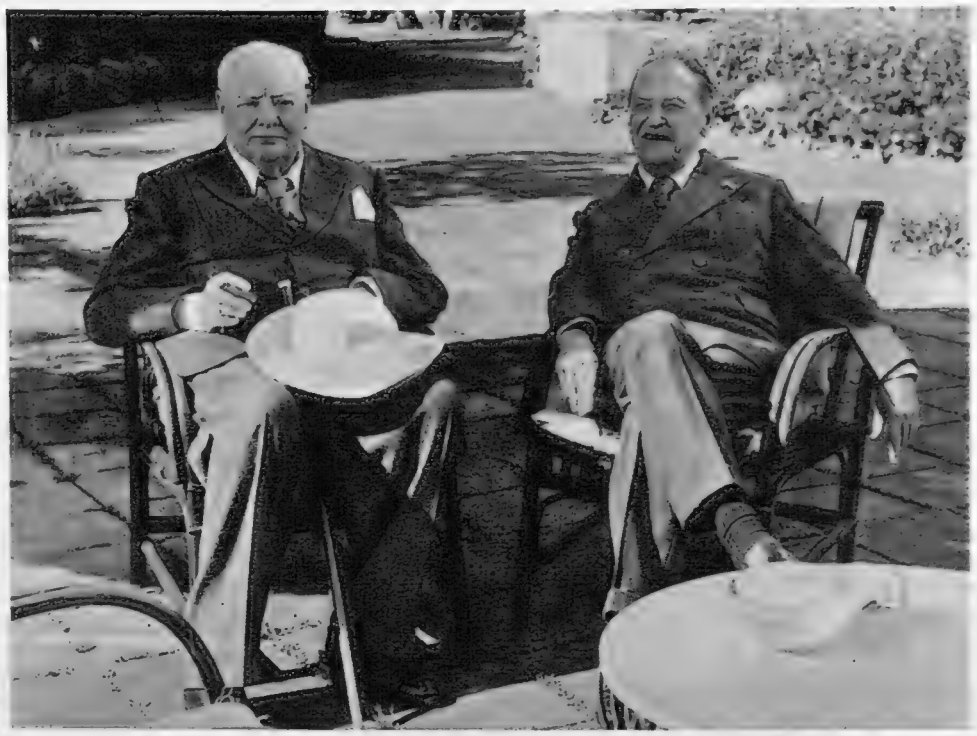
A SPEECH BY PRESIDENT EISENHOWER: He addresses the public session at the Atlantic Council in the United States capital. After recalling the origins of NATO, he went on to trace its development as "an ever-growing political cohesion." Since its inception no further Communist advance had taken place in Europe. Before the NATO delegates finished their deliberations in Washington, Mr. Eisenhower made another speech which was given wide publicity. Speaking at Gettysburg, he denounced any thoughts of appeasement over Berlin. "This course," he said "is not only dishonourable, it is the most dangerous course we can pursue."

FORMER FOES UNITED UNDER THE ÆGIS OF NATO: American and German units of NATO are lined up on the Königsplatz in Munich for a parade to mark the tenth anniversary of NATO. Other demonstrations of military unity between Germany and her former foes took place elsewhere in the Federal Republic.

BY THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN: An Honest John missile heads a NATO motorised column along the Via Caracciolo, in Naples. Six nations participated in this tenth anniversary parade.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE POPE: Aldo Raimondi stands beside his water-colour of Pope John XXIII which is on show at the Gallery of International Art in Milan. The Pope, sitting in the gestatorial chair, with his hand raised in blessing, is wearing the triple tiara. Among those at the opening of the exhibition was Cardinal Montini, Archbishop of Milan.



TWO FAMOUS OCTOGENARIANS: Sir Winston Churchill sits with Mr. Somerset Maugham in the garden of the latter's villa at Cap Ferrat, on the French Riviera. Mr. Maugham was eighty-five in January and Sir Winston will be that age on his next birthday.

HISTORY IS MADE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA: Watched by the Governor-General of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Lord Dalhousie, Mr. Jasper Savanhu, M.P., signs the oath of allegiance after he was sworn-in as a member of the Federal Government. He became the first African Minister, as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Home Affairs with responsibility for the Office of Race Affairs.

On left—

LORD HOME'S RETURN FROM RHODESIA: The Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations leaves his aircraft at London Airport. He had been paying a four-day visit to Salisbury, in Southern Rhodesia, where he said he had had "very useful talks" towards arrangements for the forthcoming constitutional review in 1960. Lord Home declined to give any details until he had discussed the matter with the Prime Minister. On his arrival in Salisbury, Lord Home said he envisaged an independence for the Federation which took into account the policy of partnership between the races. He went on to say that he thought the situation in Nyasaland could be resolved without further difficulty, and that the Southern Rhodesian Government was putting through two laws which would enable them to end the state of emergency.

THE ARAB LEAGUE'S POLITICAL COMMITTEE IN CONFERENCE: Crown Prince Feisal, of Saudi Arabia, stands to address delegates to the Committee's meeting in Beirut. In centre of table with his hand to his chin is Ibrahim Abdullah, the Prime Minister of Morocco. At the far end of the table is the Yemeni delegation. The main subject of discussion in the opening sessions last week was the "menace of atheistic Communism." The matter was introduced by the United Arab Republic, whose representatives used this theme for attacks on Iraq. General Kassem had sent no delegates to the gathering, nor had two other members of the Arab League, Tunisia and Jordan. Attempts by neutral-minded members to heal the breach between Cairo and Bagdad seemed to have little hope of success.

EFFORTS TO REVERSE A 1927 JUDGMENT: The Committee of the Massachusetts State Legislature at Boston is addressed during a hearing on a resolution asking for the posthumous pardons of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. These two men, Italian immigrants holding radical political views, were executed in 1927 for murder. Their conviction, after an extended series of appeals lasting seven years, was disputed by Socialists on the ground that the men had not had a fair trial because of their Radical affiliations.

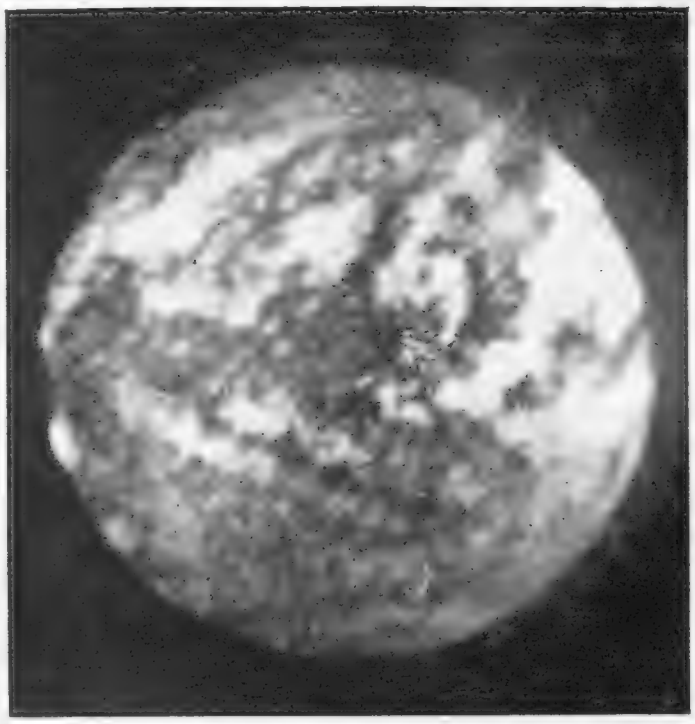
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE "SKATE'S" ARCTIC VOYAGE: The nuclear-powered United States Navy submarine surfaces during her second voyage under the Polar ice-cap. Two members of her crew are collecting ice samples for testing. During the voyage, in which all previous records were broken for time and distance covered under ice, the *Skate* surfaced at the North Pole. She carried no special devices to break through the ice, except for reinforcement round the conning tower which is now standard for nuclear submarines. The *Skate* remained under ice for twelve days and travelled 3,090 miles.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR AN ARCTIC EXPLORER AT THE NORTH POLE: The crew of *Skate* take part in the ceremony for the Australian explorer, Sir Hubert Wilkins, who died in America last December. His ashes were scattered at the North Pole, to fulfil one of his last wishes. The Captain of *Skate*, Commander J. F. Calvert, who conducted the service, is standing, second from the left. Sir Hubert made twenty-four expeditions to the Arctic and nine to the Antarctic. In 1931 he made an unsuccessful attempt to reach the North Pole under the ice in his specially constructed submarine *Nautilus*. The North Pole was first reached in 1909.

On right—

THE SUN PHOTOGRAPHED FROM ABOVE THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE: The white areas are clouds of hydrogen gas at temperatures of about 6,000 degrees and rising to heights of 4,000 to 6,000 miles above the sun's surface. The picture was taken by a special camera in a research rocket 123 miles above the earth. The rocket was launched from the White Sands proving grounds in New Mexico. The camera, which weighed about 35 lb., was designed so that only light in the extreme ultra-violet range of the spectrum was allowed to fall on the film. Sixty exposures were taken in rather less than a minute with excellent results. It was officially stated that for the first time photographs had been taken showing solar activity in a wavelength which exerts profound control on radio-wave communications.



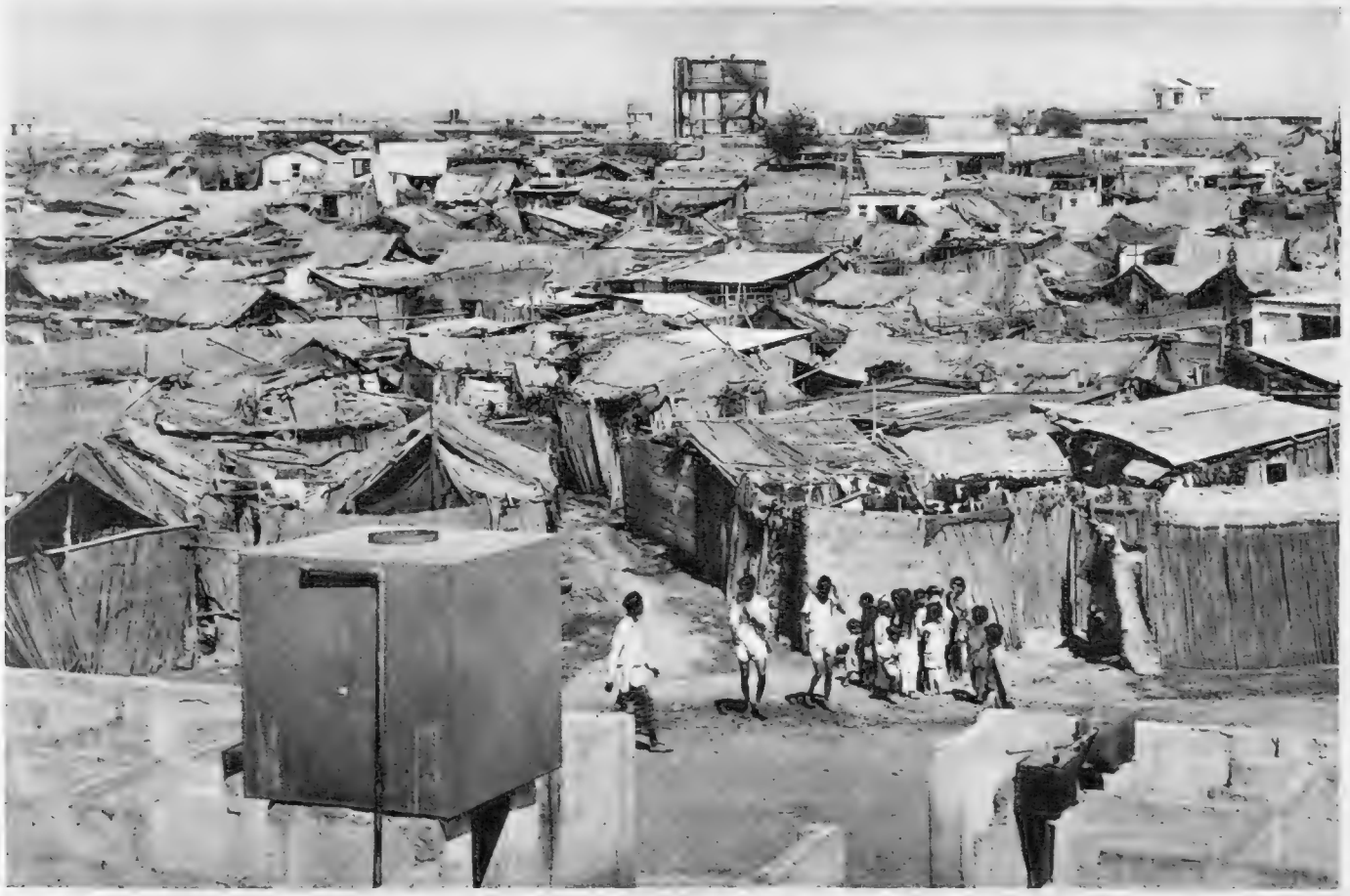
RADIOACTIVE TESTS FOR THREE SCOTTISH BOYS: From left, Andrew Rooney, aged nine; William Gilchrist, eleven; and William Park, nine, three boys from Wishaw, Lanarkshire, who were exposed to radioactivity, stand with two policemen at the headquarters of the Radiological Protection Service at Belmont, in Surrey. While playing near a clock factory rubbish dump the boys discovered a canister of radioactive paint ash. They were sent south for a check. After extensive tests it was found that none of the boys had received a dangerous amount of radioactivity.

EMERGENCY SUPPLIES FOR MADAGASCAR: In Paris, a military aircraft is loaded with Red Cross emergency supplies for the island of Madagascar, which has suffered from extensive flooding as the result of torrential rains and the passage of five cyclones. *On left*—Residents in Tananarive, the island's capital, wade through the water to salvage belongings from their homes. Flooding in the low-lying area round the capital was particularly serious and thousands of people had to be evacuated from their homes. Owing to the disruption of communications, first reports from the island were confused and the number of fatal casualties was believed to be more than 2,000. This figure was later corrected and was not expected to exceed 500.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MRS. ROOSEVELT ON A VISIT TO ISRAEL: The widow of the late President Franklin Roosevelt listens intently to Mr. Ben-Gurion, the Prime Minister of Israel. Extreme left is Edward G. Robinson, the American actor. Mrs. Roosevelt went to see Mr. Ben-Gurion at his home in Jerusalem, while visiting the country in connection with the inauguration of an establishment for the immigration of youth.

PRESIDENT NASSER MEETS PRESIDENT CHEHAB: At a hut, specially erected on the border between Lebanon and Syria, the Egyptian President smiles across the table at the Lebanese President. It was the first time Nasser had been to the Lebanese border since he came to power in 1952. The authorities refused to allow the location of the hut to be revealed; this was part of the stringent precautions taken to prevent clashes between Colonel Nasser's supporters and his opponents in Lebanon. It was stated that the main aim of the meeting was to improve relations between Lebanon and Syria, which have been strained ever since the allegations of smuggling across the border during the revolution last year. There was speculation about whether Colonel Nasser might be seeking support for his present anti-Communist campaign.



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REFUGEES IN KARACHI: Many of the thousands of Muslims who fled from India to Pakistan in 1947 still live in huts on the outskirts of the Pakistan capital. As they are, for the most part, destitute, they have presented a difficult problem for the Government. In order to alleviate the conditions in these shanty towns, water towers have been erected.

WINNING THE TEAM PRIZE IN THE EAST AFRICAN CAR RALLY: A Ford Zephyr, driven by D. G. Scott, of Britain, and P. Davies, of Kenya, crosses the finishing line in Nairobi. The winning car in the 3,200-mile-long East African Coronation Safari Rally was a Mercedes 219, driven by W. A. Fritschy and John Ellis. Another Zephyr, driven by Edward Harrison and David Markham, was third. Ford's gained the team prize, the other car being a Zodiac. The Coronation Safari, which takes place over some of the roughest roads in the world, was inaugurated in 1953 to mark the enthronement of Queen Elizabeth. Of the 71 cars entered only 32 finished.

A COMMEMORATION SERVICE FOR CECIL RHODES: In Salisbury, in Southern Rhodesia, the base of the statue to Rhodes is surrounded by those who came to pay tribute to the architect of modern Rhodesia. Representatives of many different organisations laid wreaths at the base of the monument on the fifty-seventh anniversary of Rhodes's death on March 26, 1902. African buglers sounded the Last Post. In the background of the picture can be seen one of the new high office blocks in Salisbury, with scaffolding surrounding another block behind it. Much new building is being undertaken in Salisbury.

REFITTING AT MALTA: The dockyard on the island has been transferred to Bailey (Malta) Ltd., a civilian firm of ship repairers. What was formerly H.M. Dockyard, Malta, is being developed for commercial activities but is continuing to be supplied with naval repair work at the present level until about the end of 1960. In the foreground is a tug undergoing refitting in dry dock. In the centre are two large landing-craft, and behind them coastal minesweepers. Extreme right is an anti-submarine frigate. At the dockyard during the handing over were three British destroyers and several U.S. and Belgian ships.

MALTA DOCKYARD UNDER CIVIL CONTROL

The Former Naval Dockyard is Being Gradually Developed for Commercial Activities

IN DRY DOCK: A tug and other craft undergo repairs and refitting in the Malta dockyard. Some 6,500 workers reported for a normal day's work on the first morning after the yard was taken over by Bailey's. They struck for an hour in protest against the handing over.

A SCENE OF ACTIVITY IN THE MALTA DOCKYARD: In the foreground is the timber wharf, some of the other vessels in the docks and the buildings of Valletta. The minesweep magnetic mines. The *Class* has a double mahogany hull. Surrounding the yards Malta as a naval base and remains responsible for some of the functions carried

With the handing over of the naval dockyard at Malta to a civilian firm there is one more factor about which many of the Maltese are in disagreement. The island has been more or less dependent for its livelihood on work at the dockyard and various other bases on the island. Practically all necessities, including some water, have to be imported. Although the Admiralty has relinquished control of the dockyard because the reduced numbers of ships in the Fleet makes it no longer essential, until 1960 at least the yard will carry out approximately the same amount of naval work.

The civil firm is to develop the commercial side of the dockyard's functions to compensate eventually for the diminishing naval programme. About half the workers have been taken on by Bail (Malta) Limited and the rest are s being employed by the Admiralty, w are retaining Malta as a naval ba The Royal Navy remains responsible the port auxiliary service and the el tricity generating station, among oth functions. The yard is rented to Bail under a lease expiring in 2058 for £30,0 a year, half of which goes to the Admira and half to the Malta Government. O the expiry of the lease the dockyard w wholly become the property of the Ma Government.

A new Admiralty organisation is bei set up under the authority and gener direction of the Flag Officer, Mal acting as an overseering organisat responsible for work placed by t

n the left in dry dock is a minesweeper in front of a salvage vessel. In the distance are he *Lullington*, is one of the "ton" class of coastal minesweepers, designed for sweeping igh walls, part of security precautions in operation. The Royal Navy is continuing to use y the dockyard, including the port auxiliary service and the electricity generating station.

Admiralty. There has been a Royal dockyard at Malta for nearly 160 years. During the Napoleonic Wars, the island changed hands several times as the Mediterranean fleets fought over it for its strategic importance. In 1814 the Treaty of Paris ratified the cession of the Maltese Islands to Great Britain, at the explicit request of the Maltese people.

To-day some of their descendants are incensed about the handing over of the dockyard to a civil firm who hope to make it an important commercial ship-repairing centre. The Labour Party of the island, led by Dom Mintoff (who were in power when the Constitution was suspended last year), and the General Workers' Union argue that the people of Malta were never consulted about the change-over. At the same time as many of them demand Dominion status, they still want to maintain an association with the Admiralty. The General Workers' Union staged a one-hour protest strike on the first day under Bailey's management of the yard. In such an atmosphere of conflict it is to be hoped that the Welsh firm of ship repairers will be successful in building up the importance of the dockyard to compensate for the eventual loss of naval work.

The problem is essentially economic. During the handing-over ceremony, Sir Robert Laycock, the Governor of Malta, described how under the civil firm the dockyard offered the prospect "of an expanding industry that can make an invaluable contribution to the solution of one of Malta's main problems."

On left—
DURING REFITTING: In dry dock in foreground can be seen two coastal minesweepers, H.M.S. *Ashton* (foreground) and H.M.S. *Floriston*. Both are ships of the "ton" class of vessels; *Ashton* has been fitted with a new type of covered bridge and tripod mast. Behind the cranes, lying alongside the quay, is a large tank-landing ship, H.M.S. *Striker*.

b 2

STANDING TRIAL FOR TREASON: Four Iraqi Air Force officers stand in the dock in the Bagdad People's Court on trial for mutiny in the recent Mosul uprising. They were found guilty of attempting to bomb Bagdad radio transmitters and General Kassem's H.Q., and executed by firing squad. The officers were the first Mosul mutineers to be condemned to death. *On right*—The Public Prosecutor addresses the court during the trial of the four airmen. In the background are the judges.

IRAQI JUSTICE

Four Rebel Airmen Executed for Their Part in the Mosul Uprising; the Bagdad People's Court

On Monday of last week four Iraqi airmen who had taken part in the abortive uprising against the Iraqi regime at Mosul, in Northern Iraq, were executed by firing squad. They were the first of the Mosul rebels to be sentenced to death. The trial was conducted in the Bagdad People's Court before a large crowd of spectators. Central figure in the proceedings was the President of the court, whose task appeared not so much to judge the accused as to give the desired political slant to their actions. In this he was helped by the Public Prosecutor. Spectators, many of them women, were there to give the stamp of national approval to everything that happened. The Bagdad People's Court has been in almost continuous session since the overthrow of King Feisal and Nuri es-Said in July of last year. It is recognised as the main organ through which news of major Government decisions is given to the public. During the trial of the rebel airmen Iraq's repudiation of the Bagdad Pact was announced. The withdrawal, greeted with wild jubilation in the court room, was not unexpected in the West. Iraq has taken no part in the activities of the Pact since last July and the headquarters had already been moved from Bagdad to Ankara. Coming as it did during the hostile exchanges between Iraq and the United Arab Republic—which General Kassem, the Iraqi Prime Minister, had accused of complicity in the Mosul insurrection—the announcement of Iraq's withdrawal from the Pact served to draw attention from this dissension in the Arab ranks.

On right—

JUBILATION AT IRAQ'S WITHDRAWAL FROM THE BAGDAD PACT: The trial of the four rebel airmen at the People's Court in Bagdad is interrupted by cheering spectators and witnesses at the announcement of Iraq's repudiation of the Bagdad Pact. The court, which has been in almost continuous session since the revolution last July, is the recognised channel through which important Government decisions are made known to the people.

World Affairs

Bloodshed in Iraq and Tibet

By JOHN CONNELL

TWENTY years ago, in that bleak spring and summer which preceded the outbreak of World War II, a French diplomatist observed caustically, "The sky is black with chickens coming home to roost." There is a similar darkness over the face of the earth—or, at any rate, quite sizeable stretches of it—nowadays. As the revolution in Iraq, for example, pursues its sanguinary course, it is a sombre reflection that only a year ago persons of influence and authority in the United Kingdom were describing Iraq as a bastion of freedom and solemnly extolling her Government and people for their staunch attachment to the political and social principles held in favour on this side of the Iron Curtain. Now the blare of the radio in the neighbouring cafés hardly serves to drown the rattle of rifle-fire as each new group of treacherous (i.e., non-Communist) officers is lined up for execution in the barrack square. I have read varying estimates of the numbers of those who have died violent deaths in successive *coups* and purges since last summer, and I suspect that the biggest is probably the most accurate. The Land of the Two Rivers has a third river now, that of blood.

This is sad but not particularly surprising. For anyone who knew anything about Iraq was aware that, even in the palmiest days, when the British Council was as popular as it was energetic, when the King had his English governess and Nuri ordered his clothes from his London tailor, beneath the tranquil surface there raged bloodthirsty, savage hatreds and feuds, lusts and ambitions. The Communists have profited enormously out of the chaos which has accompanied the revolution, and Iraq now is, to all intents and purposes, a Russian satellite. It is futile for President Nasser—or anyone else—to proclaim that thereby General Kassem has shown himself a traitor to the sacred cause of Arab nationalism. The Soviet Union will go on exploiting the disruptive capacity of Arab nationalism—its neurotic hatred of Israel, its shrill and persistent anti-Westernism—just as long as it seems useful.

What worries and scares Nasser is that he is finding himself outbidden in his own violence and extremism, by which he has kept his hold on popular sentiment throughout the Arab world. Therefore he has invented, and given a good deal of publicity to, the extraordinary fantasy about the present dictatorship in Iraq being in league with "British imperialism." And therefore he has been compelled to give some exhibitions of active hostility towards Israel, which (as he knows perfectly well) is a far riskier game than calling the British dirty names. The Israelis have no desire, nor can they afford, to disregard any kind of aggression for very long; the blood-chilling question for Nasser is, how long?

Britain, on the other hand, has no desire to stand firm on any right or responsibility in the Middle East. The last phases of the long retreat are now pretty near. The decision to evacuate the last remaining R.A.F. personnel and stores at Habbaniyah, though precipitate and undignified, was in present circumstances quite inevitable. Habbaniyah has long lost any value which it had as a base; even to think of it as a staging-post is old-fashioned—a staging-post to where? But the passing of Habbaniyah is a symptom and a reminder. You do not need outposts when you have no Empire; and the sooner we all accept this syllogism the better for what might ironically be described as our peace of mind.

Some more rather radical readjustments of political and diplomatic patterns of thought and behaviour are having to be made, with some urgency, further east. The Chinese have striven to suppress with the utmost ruthlessness a movement of national liberation, of formidable proportions, in Tibet, and to reassert to the full their occupation rights. It is more than ordinarily difficult to discover the truth about recent events in Tibet. Whatever dateline some of the more fancy-free newspaper despatches about Tibet may carry, it is regrettably certain that the great majority of them have been filed in Delhi. In the sheer matter of distance this is rather as if, at the time of the Spanish Civil War, the only source of news about what was happening in Seville or Madrid had been Stockholm or Edinburgh. There are Tibetan refugees in Delhi, but most of them have been out of their country for several years, and their evidence is neither very new nor very reliable.

Yet of the magnitude of the upheaval on the far side of the Himalayas there can be no doubt whatever, nor of the vigour and cruelty of the Chinese reaction to it. Most of us in the West—and many in India, too—have been so enthralled by Mr. Nehru's subsequent moral and mental contortions that we have not concerned ourselves unduly about the rebellion itself. Yet this, without doubt, is one of the most significant—tragically significant—happenings in Asia since the end of World War II.

It deserves to be studied and pondered with the utmost attention. Tibet has suffered Chinese aggression before and resisted it fiercely; the Chinese claim to sovereignty over Tibet is an old one, and long pre-dates the Communist regime. But the Communists were determined to put it into practice. Almost as soon as they had consolidated their hold on China itself, and Chiang Kai-shek had withdrawn to Formosa, they invaded and occupied Tibet, exactly nine years ago. That this antagonised Mr. Nehru and gave a sharp jolt to Indian trust in China under her new rulers did not worry them in the slightest. Nor is there any indication that, in any subsequent act of major policy in Tibet, they have been affected in their decision by any consideration for India's susceptibilities or interests.

However, after the rather rosy conclusion of the first part of the Geneva Conference of 1954, Chou En-lai went to Delhi and negotiated a Sino-Indian Pact, which ever since has governed relations between the two biggest nations in Asia. Agreement was reached on five fundamental principles:

1. Mutual respect for each other's territorial integrity.
2. Non-aggression.

TIBETANS IN DELHI: *Left*—Members of the delegation to New Delhi carry small portraits of the Dalai Lama on their shirts. *Right*—Tibetans in Delhi pray for the safety of the Dalai Lama while he was making his way to India. Centre is Mr. Lukhangwa, Prime Minister of Tibet from 1949 to 1954, and said to be one of the organisers of the revolt.

3. Non-interference n each other's internal affairs.
4. Recognition of equality.
5. Peaceful co-existence.

The Chinese have now put their own interpretation on these principles, greatly to Mr. Nehru's discomfiture, for in the past five years he has elevated them into a faith and a code of conduct in international relations in Asia. He now sees this whole code perverted and destroyed, and there is little that he can or will do about it.

But why have the Chinese taken this action at this time? It is clear that the Khamba resistance, of which stories have been trickling out into India for many months past, has lately expanded into a nationwide uprising in which the Government, Buddhist clergy and monks have all been implicated. Its aim has obviously been to regain national independence and restore to the Dalai Lama his full, ancient and august authority. Clearly the Pekin authorities are in no mood to defer to such a challenge to their ferocious centralist drive. Autonomy may be conceded on matters which an orthodox Communist regards as trivial, such as folklore, national costume and national dances (these do very well later on as cultural exports); but the idea of the restoration of Tibetan freedom and independence is quite abhorrent to Chou En-lai and his colleagues. Ideology, however, keeps step with strategy. Tibet would not possess this tragic priority in Chinese purposes and plans if her remote and inaccessible plateau did not provide the ready-made facilities for the establishment of a great modern military arsenal and operational base.

The Himalayas are the greatest natural defence barrier in Asia, probably in the world; and the Tibetan tableland itself is a vast launching platform for intercontinental ballistic missiles. In contemporary conditions those who control the roof of the world can, if they so desire, dominate the world. There is, I think, little doubt that this is the long-term plan which the Chinese have in mind. The threat is not imminent, in the sense that it can disrupt the Foreign Ministers' meeting next month; but it will not be long before the cloud-shadow darkens.

Mr. Nehru's role throughout this episode has been pitifully Chamberlainesque. He is the appeaser who has not, after all, brought it off, because he miscalculated the intentions and aspirations of those with whom he was dealing. Some of the harshest criticism to which he has had to submit has been in his own country. It has been curious to hear Indians accusing Nehru—Nehru of all people—of moral cowardice. He has shown again and again in his long and stormy career that he is brave, physically and morally, to the point of rashness. Yet now on this immensely grave issue he equivocates. The members of the Tibetan delegation who saw him last week—while the Dalai Lama and most of his Cabinet were in flight from Lhasa, with Chinese aircraft and parachute units seeking to cut off their escape routes (unsuccessfully as it proved), with palaces and monasteries wrecked by shellfire and thousands of their countrymen imprisoned and dead—put their case with clarity and poignancy. They sought to persuade him to use his influence to save the Dalai Lama and to safeguard Tibetan religious institutions from further destruction. They also said that they hoped that India would sponsor Tibet's case before the United Nations.

They got, it is sad to record, an extremely dusty answer. The official statement put out after the delegation had left was worthy of Mr. Pecksniff: "The Prime Minister listened to them and spoke to them briefly, expressing the hope that the present difficulties in Tibet would end peacefully. He made it clear that India was not in a position to intervene, and, in fact, would not like to take any steps which might aggravate the situation." However, when the Dalai Lama eventually reached Indian soil, Mr. Nehru was at least constrained to offer him temporary sanctuary.

In the years since India attained independence we have, in Britain and the rest of the Commonwealth, grown accustomed to Mr. Nehru giving us stern, moralising lectures when he is in his holier-than-thou mood. What is now surprising—and significant—is to watch him so obviously misinterpreting his own country's temper and outlook. When the *Manchester Guardian* has as the main headline on its front page the "loaded" phrase, "Mr. Nehru on the Fence," and when the *Hindustan Times* talks about "the rape of Tibet" and says "A small country on our border has paid the ultimate penalty for its temerity to aspire to independence. Tibet is dead," one is compelled to wonder whether there is not, after all, a limit to the cant about neutralism which Mr. Nehru, his friends and imitators, can expect to get away with.

A HEADQUARTERS IN OMAN : The camp at Izki is in the bleak desert of the Sultanate of Muscat and Oman. This is one of the positions from which Royal Marines operated from the beginning of 1958 until February of this year. They trained platoons of the Sultan's forces and led them in action against the rebels.

ROYAL MARINES IN OMAN

Vital British Help in the Arabian Desert

WEAPON-TRAINING IN THE ARABIAN DESERT : A squad of Omani soldiers have their rifles inspected by Royal Marines at a base camp. For just over a year small detachments of Marines did a vital job in Oman as instructors and in setting an example of leadership for the local forces of the Sultan.

RECRUITS FOR THE SULTAN'S ARMY : They are typical of many who were trained and led by the Marines. Twenty officers and sixty-three N.C.O.s served in Oman. Two N.C.O.s were killed in operations.

A STRATEGIC STRONGHOLD : A Land-Rover manned by Marines prepares to set out from Nizwa to escort a convoy of vehicles. This fort is an important strongpoint in any operations in the Jebel Mountains. Two years ago it was the headquarters of a revolt against the Sultan.

" SHIPS OF THE DESERT " : Non-commissioned officers of the Royal Marines accustom themselves to riding camels in the desert. The Marines wore Arab dress to avoid appearing conspicuous during operations.

Muscat and Oman is not, as yet, one of the major trouble spots in the Middle East. But the Sultan, Said bin Taimur, who rules over a dominion of 550,000 people in an area of 82,000 sq. miles, can hardly regard his kingdom as tranquil. Opposition to the monarch is endemic in this bleak land of mountain and desert. Religion often complicates politics. Two years ago, it will be remembered, a revolt by the Imam, the religious leader, against the Sultan led to Royal Air Force and British Army units being sent into Oman to assist in quelling it. The rebellion, believed to have been instigated from Saudi Arabia, was put down. But disaffection was by no means entirely extirpated.

Britain is in special treaty relations with Oman and the Sultan is entitled to call on British help whenever he requires it. At the end of 1957 the Omani authorities felt that they needed further British assistance and the Royal Marines were called in. They were asked to undertake the dual role of training men of the Omani army and of leading them on operational patrols against rebellious elements which persisted in the Jebel mountains. It should be mentioned that Omani troops are officered by a small number of white officers who are under contract to the Sultan. In the nature of things they cannot have time to undertake special duties.

Ready as always to accept any task " by sea and by land," the Marines first detailed a detachment of one officer and six non-commissioned officers to Oman. This strength was soon increased to one officer and nineteen N.C.O.s. Originally, the Marines were sent from Her Majesty's frigates serving in the Persian Gulf. Later they were despatched from No. 3 Commando Brigade in the Mediterranean.

Owing to the severe conditions in the desert a tour of duty was limited to about ten weeks. A Commando Brigade consists of two infantry battalions at peace-time strength, and the Omani commitment on No. 3 Commando, based on Malta, and with many demands on its services, was a considerable tax on its personnel.

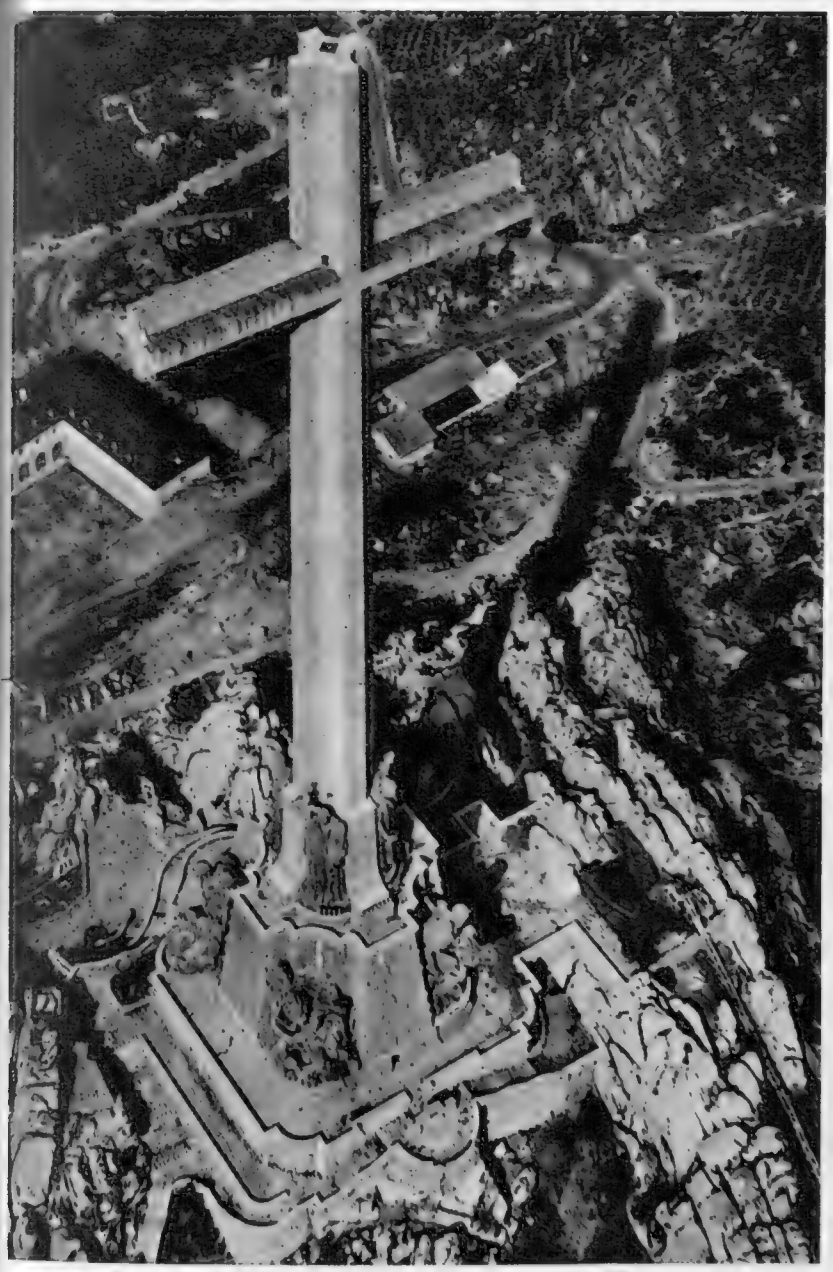
Even though language sometimes presented a difficulty, for interpreters were not always available, the Marines found the Omani recruits willing pupils. The desert tribesmen have a natural ability for marksmanship, and given the right instruction they can soon become expert shots and fully understand the handling of their weapons. Having trained their men, the British then led them on patrols against rebels in the Jebel mountains. In order not to appear conspicuous in action, the Marines usually wore native head-dress.

The Marines were withdrawn from Oman at the end of February. In their place came units of the S.A.S. who, from experience in Malaya and elsewhere, are fully-equipped to carry out larger-scale operations against dissidents. This the S.A.S. did in Oman with marked success. The role of the Marines during their twelve months of service in the Arabian Sultanate should not be forgotten. It may not have been spectacular. But vital lessons were given in establishing training on a proper basis and in setting an example of leadership at its best. Altogether twenty officers and sixty-three N.C.O.s went to Oman. Two were killed in action and three wounded.

SPAIN'S GIGANTIC MAUSOLEUM FOR THE DEAD OF THE CIVIL WAR: This aerial view shows "The Valley of the Fallen" in the Guadarrama Mountains, to the north of Madrid. The cross, almost 500 ft. in height, is floodlit at night and can be seen for many miles around. At the base of the outcrop of rock (to the left of the picture) is the entrance to an underground cathedral, hewn out of the granite. To the right is the Benedictine monastery housing the monks who will look after the memorial. Part of these buildings will be used for accommodating visitors to the shrine. On April 1, the twentieth anniversary of the end of the Spanish Civil War, General Franco officially opened the memorial. There were 45,000 Spaniards present at the inauguration. The building of the shrine, which took sixteen years and involved the blasting of more than 60,000 cubic metres of rock, has been criticised by Government opponents. They have said that the work absorbed resources urgently needed for more important things such as housing. The money, believed to be approximately £9,000,000, which is much less than was at first estimated, is officially stated to have come from donations to the Franco cause during the Civil War. The dead of both sides—Republicans and Francoists—are to be reinterred there. Earlier pictures of the great mausoleum were published in THE SPHERE of January 17, this year.

SPANISH NATIONAL MEMORIAL

General Franco Inaugurates "The Valley of the Fallen" for the Dead of the Civil War



AT THE INAUGURAL CEREMONY: General Franco, his wife and the Primate of Spain lead the procession into the underground cathedral for its inauguration. Hewn out of the solid rock, the church is almost 1,000 ft. long. *On left*—The cross on top of the rock outcrop is almost 500 ft. high. At its base are huge carved figures.

PAINTERS OF POSITANO

Studying at the Art Centre in the Southern Italian Coastal Resort

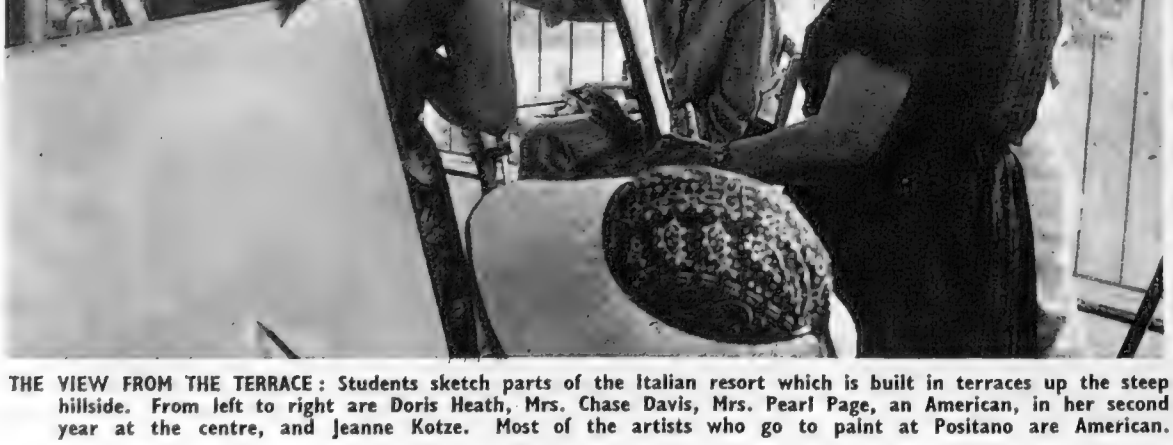
Italy has for long been a land favoured by painters. Un its clear hot sun, the burnt brown landscapes, the b Mediterranean, and the white or pink-washed houses h exercised a perennial fascination. Whereas, before the w Americans wishing to paint or study art went to Pa to-day many of them flock to Italy. One result of this w the founding in 1953 of the Positano Art Workshop. combines tuition in drawing, painting, sculpture, mosa and fresco with lodging and food for the student. A n profit-making organisation, it is directed by Mrs. E Lewis and Irma S. Jonas and is under the artistic mana ment of Randall Morgan. Visiting artists give tuition. M of those who go to the workshop are American, but th have been students from places as diverse as Saudi Ara and the West Indies. Every year, the workshop organi an exhibition which is mainly devoted to American artists working in the south of Italy.

ARTIST AT WORK : One of the me bers of the art centre in Posita studies her canvas while sitti on the terrace of the Worksh

Many people have been attracted to Positano by the charm and seclusion of this small resort. Situated on the steep slopes of Monte S. Angelo Tre Pizzi and Monte Commune, the town is built on steep terraces. The jumble of houses, perched one on top of each other, is linked by innumerable stairs. All round the spur of rocky mountains which juts out towards Capri are places which have a nostalgic sound to English ears—Sorrento, Amalfi, Castellammare, Positano and Salerno. Not far away is Pompeii lying between this spur and the high co of Vesuvius.

Positano has a long history as a seafaring port. It w part of the Republic of Amalfi during the ninth, tenth a eleventh centuries. In this time were written the Tav Amalfitane, claimed to be the first maritime laws setti out the rights of sailors. Since there is no harbour at Po tano, the great oared galleys were hauled up the bea Until the advent of the steamship, the port remained r and populous and it saw the building of large square m sions for its richer merchants. But between 1860 and 19 some 6,000 of its inhabitants emigrated to America. To there are about 2,450 people living there. Although ma a holiday resort, the town each year sees a re-enactment one of the events of its maritime history. On the seco Sunday in August is held the festival called the Lo Sba dei Saraceni. This tells the story of how Saracenic pira raided the port and carried off a Byzantine painting of Virgin Mary. Putting back to sea, they saw a vision wh so overcame them that they restored the picture to the po

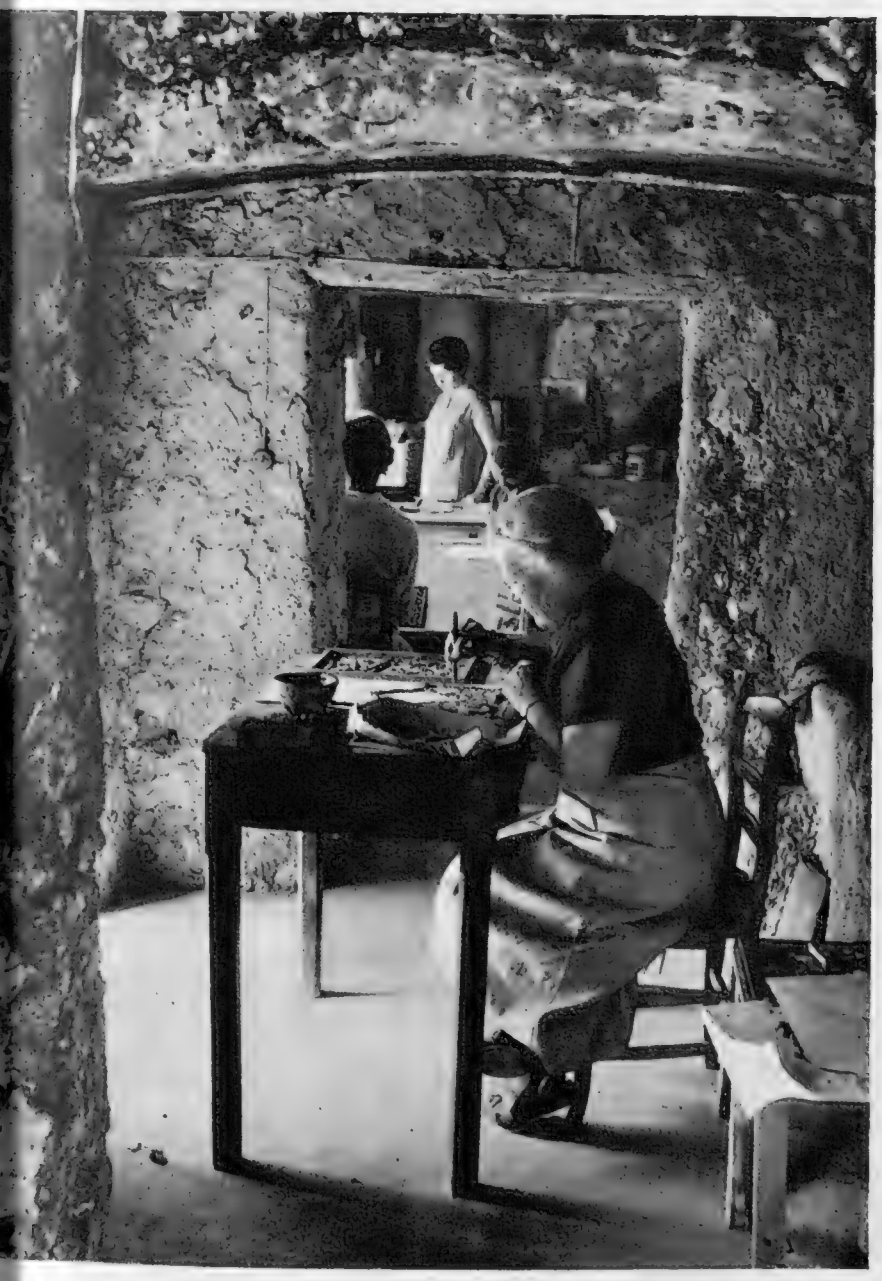
IN THE POSITANO WORKSHOP : At the south Italian resort are students and teachers of the Workshop, founded in 1953. In foreground is an English artist, Doris Heath. From left, behind, are Mrs. Chase Davis, of New York, Teresa Mondini, a young Italian sculptress granted a fellowship by the Workshop, and Jeanne Kotze, in charge of mosaics.



THE VIEW FROM THE TERRACE : Students sketch parts of the Italian resort which is built in terraces up the steep hillside. From left to right are Doris Heath, Mrs. Chase Davis, Mrs. Pearl Page, an American, in her second year at the centre, and Jeanne Kotze. Most of the artists who go to paint at Positano are American.

IN THE MOSAIC STUDIO : The small stones are carefully la on the sketched-in plan. *On right*—A student buil up the mosaic in a small room of the old Italian hou

BUILDING UP THE PATTERN OF STONES : Members of the Workshop discuss the mosaic. Through the window can be seen some of the tall, white-painted houses of Positano. The small but popular resort is situated south of Naples, and near Amalfi and Sorrento.



AT WORK ON AN OIL PAINTING: Doris Heath kneels and concentrates as she touches-in details of her picture of the rocky coast of this highly picturesque area of Italy. Every year an exhibition is organised of works by painters in the south of Italy.

A REAPPEARANCE OF LAPWINGS

Although Still Found in Certain Well-defined Areas, This Member of the Plover Family has Decreased in Numbers, Perhaps Because of the Spread of Building in England

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

NOT long ago a lad of fourteen or so from a neighbouring village, the son of a farm labourer, came and asked me what was "the black-and-white bird that flies up in the air and then comes tumbling down." He added: "I've never seen one before." It came as quite a shock to me to realise that here was a country boy (and one, moreover, who is very interested in natural history, for he is always bringing me caterpillars and things to identify) who did not know a lapwing, who had never before seen a lapwing. But then, I remembered that it was a long time since I had seen a lapwing around those parts, though I had not realised that it was as long ago as all that; fourteen years or so. I must keep a more detailed diary in future. The trouble about nature diaries is that one puts down what one sees and not what one does not see. I can see plenty of lapwings by going only a mile or two in another direction; so I cannot say that I have ever really missed them.

If the boy had asked his father he would have been told, for the man has lived all his life in the district and would have known the bird from "egging" expeditions in his youth, would have been familiar with it as a young man. But I am the person in these parts who is supposed to know about birds, and the modern child rarely believes that its parents know anything, anyway. Even if he had asked his father he would probably have come to me for confirmation or, rather, in the hope that I would say something else with which he would then be able to confront his father. Having a local reputation as a naturalist can often be most embarrassing.

Actually, there are and always have been lapwings only a mile or two away from me, though in another direction. These birds will not be more than half a dozen miles at the very outside (at least, as the crow flies) from the boy's village, which goes to show how very restricted movement can still be in the countryside. In a way it is more restricted now than it was before the advent of the universal motor-car and public transport. In the old days one walked, and in those days every healthy country boy and girl would have known every field and every copse within a radius of six miles of their homes. Now, they use the buses and know very little, if anything at all, of the countryside off the bus routes. Broadly speaking, the attitude now seems to be that if there is not a bus, then it cannot be worth going. There is a bus service between this boy's village and mine, a frequent one which links a number of villages with the neighbouring town, but no bus runs up the lane to the fields where the lapwings are. All that land is *terra incognita* to this lad and his contemporaries. It was not so to their fathers.

Back in the '30's, I remember, there was a good deal of correspondence, especially in the columns of the sporting Press, about the decline in the numbers of lapwings. Egg collecting, I recall, was blamed for at any rate some of the decrease in numbers. Plovers' eggs have always been, and are, regarded as a great delicacy, but they were never, so far as I can remember, all that plentiful in the shops, and I do not really think that egg collecting can have had much to do with it. The countryman—the farm labourer going about his business, the ploughman, the shepherd, and so on—has always taken the eggs of the lapwing when he has come across them. But he takes them for his own table and not for sale to a shop. He does not do any real harm, for two reasons: first, he does not very often come across the eggs of the lapwing, and, secondly, the bird will usually lay another clutch if the first is robbed.

Anyone who has ever set out to find a lapwing's nest will know how astonishingly difficult it is. To begin with, there is not, as a rule, any real nest at all: it is no more than a hollow scraped in the ground, roughly lined with a few grass stalks. Then, the eggs themselves are marvellously camouflaged, olive or umber-brown with blotches of black, the very colours of the earth on which they are laid. You can spend hours (and I have) watching lapwings in the nesting season; you can make quite sure that you know just where the nest is, mark it most carefully in alignment with a bush or a post or something of that sort, walk along that line with the utmost confidence to the spot where you know it will be—and find nothing.

I have done so time after time: and so, I think, did Chaucer. I can think of no other reason why he should have written as he did of the lapwing: "The false lapwing, full of treachery." Those, surely, are the words of a man outwitted, a man disappointed of his delicacy. The professional collector, the man gathering eggs for sale, would make a better hand at it than this. But there have never been a great many professional collectors. For the average countryman the finding of a lapwing's nest has, I feel sure, never been more than a happy accident, a chance encounter in the course of the day's work. That, at least, has been my experience.

A LAPWING AND ITS EGGS: This member of the plover family is often called the peewit because of its call. It is predominantly dark green, black and white in colour, and has long red legs. The lapwing is found especially in marshy districts, feeding on snails, insects and worms.

No, I do not believe that egg collecting had very much to do with the decrease in numbers of the lapwing in the '30's; if there really was a decrease. Perhaps it was no more than one of those strange periodic fluctuations in numbers, which entail, of course, a decrease in numbers—sometimes even a total absence—in some localities: but not in others. There is no accounting for this sort of thing. For example, early in the last war the late Eric Parker, a most acute observer, wrote a letter to *The Times* describing the unusual scarcity of spotted flycatchers in his part of Surrey. I live only some dozen miles away, and in that spring (it was 1940) spotted flycatchers were, if anything, rather more common than usual with me. I believe that it was the same with the lapwings in the '30's.

At any rate, when I came to live here in the late '30's, they were common, and common also around the boy's village. In winter they could have been described as abundant, for there were then great flocks of them. The birds are always much more noticeable in winter, for it is at that season that little flocks join together to form big ones. But, quite apart from that, the numbers are always greater in winter, for they are swelled by birds from further north. On the coast in hard weather you can sometimes see enormous congregations of lapwings. I remember once seeing the shore at Ainsdale so thick with them that it seemed impossible that there could be any more lapwings in all Lancashire. That was in a very hard January, and on the next day there was not one to be seen. We never had anything like that round here, but we did get quite reasonable flocks and they were quite astonishingly tame.

I think that the lapwing has the reputation of being a rather shy bird, but this is because it is constantly on the move. Actually they do not seem to take much notice of man, at any rate in the winter (although they are very wary of dogs), and I have had them flying low enough over my head (myself standing up and plainly visible) for me to catch the rhythmic chuffing of the broad wings. In the winter they would come almost into the farmyards, following in the track of the cattle, probing in the deep mud of their path.

By spring most of these birds had departed, but some always remained to nest in the meadows, on the arable, and on the rough pastures of the Downs. They nest in little colonies, not grouped closely together as is the way with gulls, for each pair has a definite territory on the ground around the nest and in the air above it from which the cocks will drive other intruding lapwings, but closely enough to deserve the description "colony," for there is always a big gap between one group and the next.

It is now, in the fresh young sunshine, that you see the bird at its best. Though it looks black and white in flight, it is not black and white, but green, as one of its names (green plover) implies. In the sunshine the glossy green back and the rich chestnut patches above and below the tail are wondrous beautiful. At any season, seen close to, the lapwing is a strikingly handsome bird. In summer, crown, crest, face, throat and breast of the cock are black, while the back and wings are a metallic green glossed with purple and the sides of the neck and the under parts below the breast are white. In winter, the throat is white and the upper parts show buff margins. All this glory is borne on red legs. The hen is no less handsome, though her crest is shorter and she has narrower, more pointed, plover-like wings.

It is now, in spring, that the aerial mastery of the lapwing is shown to the full. This is a wonderful aerobatic display which I can never tire of watching, but I am not at all sure that it is, as is generally supposed, a part of the wooing of the female. Often it is indulged in by several males together—both before and after pairing has been accomplished—and there are times when the males seem to gather together solely for this aerial tumbling (which is then surely merely a matter of play?) in the same manner as the ruff and certain other species. But I am quite sure that the tumbling attains perfection only when it is performed for the benefit of the female *after* she has begun to brood.

The male rises rather heavily, sweeps round in a wide circle, shoots suddenly upwards and then swoops down, turning a partial, sometimes a complete, somersault. He hurtles towards the ground, turning and twisting, throwing broad wings anywhere, but never losing control so that, just as it seems inevitable that he must be dashed to pieces, he recovers and floats upwards uttering his wild, undulating cry of joy which is so very different from the wheezy, rather plaintive, call-note which gives him another of his names, peewit. I have actually seen a male hurtle earthwards with such velocity and so close to the female on the nest that she has flinched. Yet the females obviously derive a great satisfaction from these aerial gymnastics, for they always watch the males closely as they tumble about above them.

Year by year, since I first came here, the number of lapwings remaining to nest has decreased, and I am sure that this is due to the spread of building. Much of the farmland is now lost beneath housing estates and many of the old nesting-sites have disappeared altogether. In some places the farming practice has changed and there is not so much arable as there used to be. I think that this must have been the reason why they forsook the boy's village. Yet, here they are back again and nesting on ground which is now, to human eyes, less suitable than at any time in the past fourteen years. Why? Only a lapwing knows the answer to that question. Personally, I think that we are nowadays inclined to spend too much time worrying about the "whys" of natural history. No need to bother about the why. It is sufficient to know that they have returned to bring joy to a lad of fourteen—and who knows how many others?

A SAW-FISH IN CAPTIVITY: This 14-ft.-long member of the Selachians is kept in a tank in the aquarium at Miami, in Florida. Its "saw" is a 5-ft.-long rostrum, armed with dermal denticles (elongated bony nodules). The eyes are above the platform, with nostrils set on both sides of the snout. On each side of the forward part of the body are large pectoral fins with, behind them, the dorsal fins. Found in most warm seas, some specimens have been known to attain 30 ft. in length. There are six different species.

A LARGE BLUNT INSTRUMENT

The Fearsome "Saw" of a Saw-Fish

The saw-fish is a member of the ray family, but more closely resembles the shark family. They are closely related to guitar-fishes, which are very similar to fossil remains occurring in rocks of the Jurassic and Cretaceous periods. The chief peculiarity of the saw-fish is that the snout is drawn out into a long flat blade, which is armed with elongated bony nodules. The true teeth are set in the straight, slit-like mouth and are small and blunt. The body is long and only partially flattened and the saw-fish swims by means of its tail, using the pectoral fins for guidance.

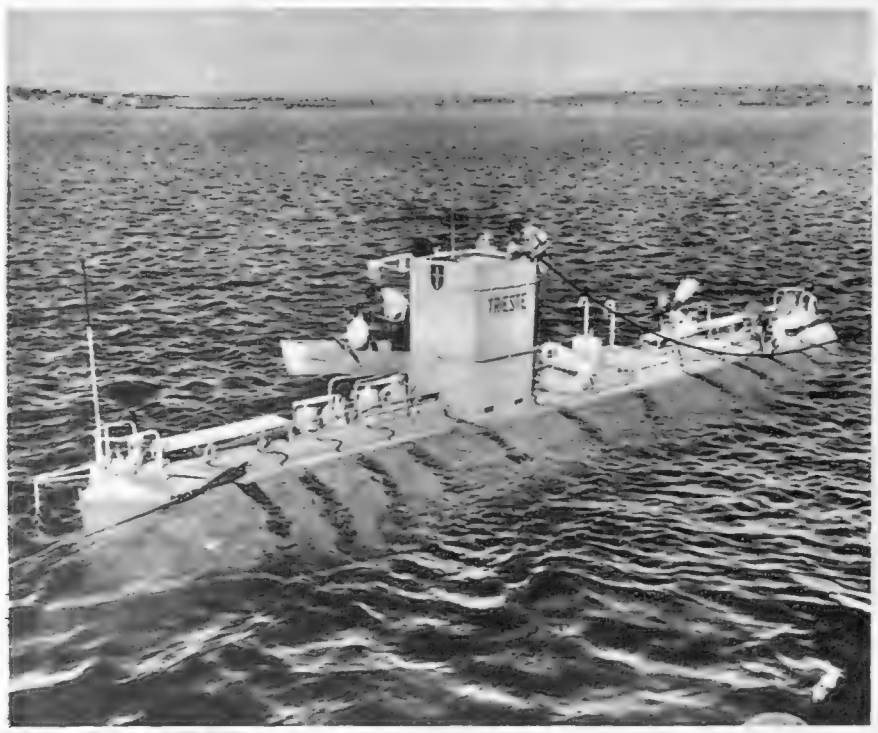
The species grow to a length of at least 20 ft., occurring mainly in warmer seas. Although occasionally used as a defensive weapon, the "saw" is mainly for obtaining food, either in grubbing about in sand or mud, or for striking at smaller fishes, swimming in shoals. On occasions it may be used in attacking larger fish, cutting off large chunks of flesh. It is difficult to obtain reliable records of attacks on man, but the saw-fish is greatly feared by the natives of India.

Like the guitar-fishes, the genus is ovo-viviparous. The eggs are fertilised inside the female's body and a number of young are born at a time. One female caught in the West Indies, estimated to weigh 5,300 lb., was found to contain several embryos. As many as twenty-three embryos have been found in one specimen.

ON AND BELOW THE HIGH SEAS

A New Dutch-built Tanker; American Navy Experiments; Building Lifeboats in Sussex

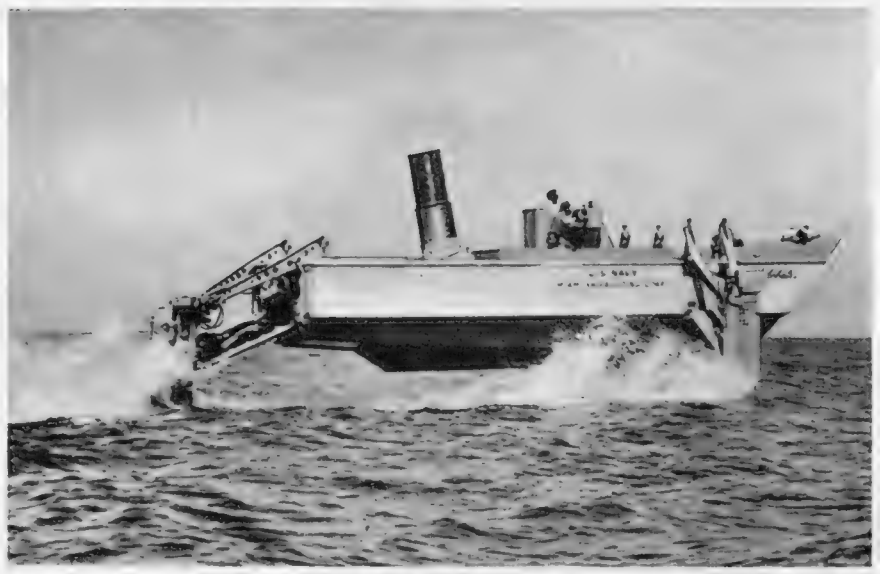
A DIFFICULT LAUNCH IN HOLLAND: Workmen and spectators watch the new tanker *Naess Tern* slide stern-first into the water of the River Maas at Heusden, in the Netherlands. The launch was a difficult one, for the river is not very wide. To prevent the vessel ramming the opposite bank special brakes were fitted to the sides of the ship. The tanker, which is being built by Verolme United Shipyards, is of 19,900 tons deadweight and a diesel engine is being fitted. Her owners are the Naess Shipping Corporation Incorporated, of New York. She will be registered in Monrovia, Liberia, and will sail under the Liberian flag, one of the so-called flags of convenience. One of the reasons for registering ships under these flags—notably those of Panama, Liberia and Honduras—is to avoid taxation.



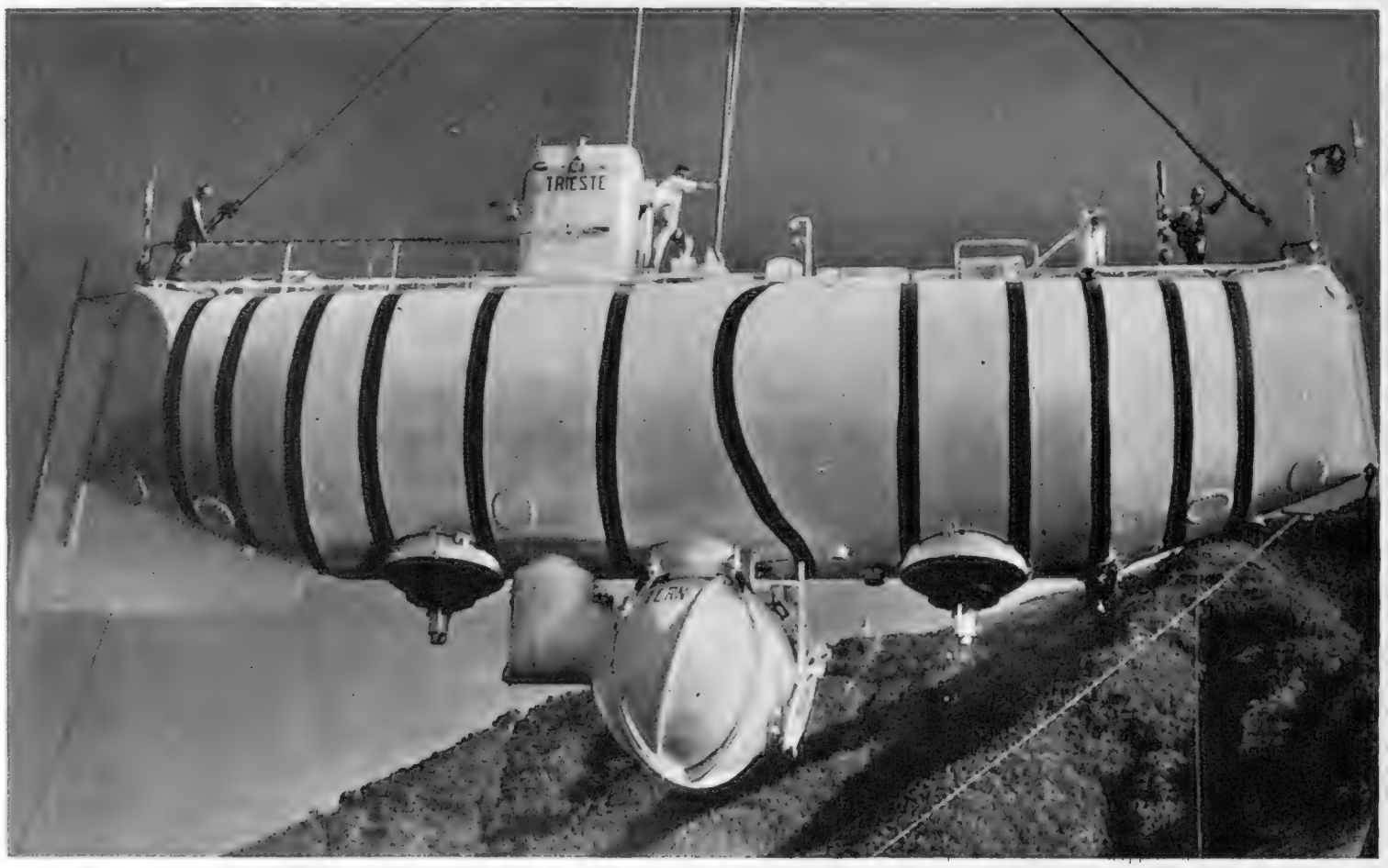
UNITED STATES NAVY BUY THE PICCARD BATHYSCAPHE: The *Trieste*, the vessel designed by M. Auguste Piccard for exploring the sea-bed, lies partially submerged near the Navy Electronics Laboratory, off San Diego, California. In 1956, M. Jacques Piccard, the son of the designer, took the bathyscaphe down to a depth of 12,500 ft. in the Mediterranean. The record depth was established in 1954 by two Frenchmen who reached a depth of 13,200 ft. in the South Atlantic. The American Navy have bought the vessel for research which, it is hoped, will lead to the design of submarines capable of operating at far greater depths than at present.

On right—

HIGH AND DRY: Out of water the bathyscaphe has the appearance of a clumsy submarine without streamlining. She has two propellers on her deck which give her a limited degree of mobility. The U.S. Navy has planned a series of dives, the first of which will take the *Trieste* down to about 4,000 ft. Later it is expected that she will equal or even better her own record of 12,500 ft. These dives will take place off the coast of Hawaii.



AMERICAN EXPERIMENTS WITH HYDROFOILS: The U.S. Navy's research craft, the *Halobates*, skims across the sea at Miami, in Florida, while making a test run. The hull is lifted above the surface of the waves by means of the hydrofoils which are mounted on both sides of the bows and at the rear of the boat. As the craft gains speed, so the hull is lifted on these "steps," enabling it to proceed faster (owing to the reduced drag) and to plane over shallow water. The *Halobates*, which is powered by a Lycoming T53 gas turbine, is claimed to be able to reach speeds "well in excess of 30 knots." The craft has been undergoing sea trials since the middle of 1958.



ILDING A LIFEBOAT: Two boat-builders are scarfing, or making a joint in, the framework of the recess housing the propeller. The lifeboat is under construction at Osborne's Boatyard at Littlehampton, in Sussex. A modern boat is powered by a twin-screw diesel engine and is so constructed that if capsized will right itself automatically. The cost may be as much as £40,000 for one vessel. Britain's lifeboat service is maintained by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

AKIN BUOYANCY TANKS: Usually made from cedar or mahogany, the tanks, in various shapes and sizes, are covered with calico.

SPECIAL WOOD FOR THE DECK: Workmen in the boatyard are fitting planks of African mahogany on the deck of this lifeboat. Mahogany, an extremely hard and fine-grained wood, is widely used in the construction of lifeboats, which, because of the nature of the service they provide, are launched into the roughest of seas. Round the coasts of the United Kingdom are dotted 151 R.N.L.I. stations, with 154 lifeboats—all motor-boats—always ready to be put to sea for a rescue attempt.

On left—
THE BOAT NEARS THE LAUNCHING STAGE: The shell of the wheelhouse and shelter, which is being added to the craft, is of metal alloy. The largest of lifeboats built for the R.N.L.I. are 52 ft. in length and are designed to take 145 people comfortably. A smaller boat, 35 ft. 6 ins. long, will hold about thirty people. An average crew numbers six, all of them volunteers. There is no lack of men for this valuable service and those chosen are normally fishermen or men who work near the lifeboat station. The cost of the service is wholly met by voluntary contributions.

CHANGES IN THE AIR

The habit of children at school in this country spending their summer holidays with their parents stationed overseas is growing. Air India now announce a Children's Special from London to Bombay on Saturday, July 25, returning on Wednesday, September 16. This school plane will have special menus devised to appeal to young appetites and an extra hostess will be on board to arrange games and competitions, so that the young passengers will not grow weary on what is still a long flight. They take off at eleven o'clock in the morning, touch down at Dusseldorf, Geneva and Beirut, and arrive at Bombay at half-past two in the afternoon the next day, Sunday.

From May 19, Comet 4 jet airliners belonging to Aerolineas Argentinas will open up the first jet service to South America from London. Timings are very interesting. By taking off from London at six o'clock in the evening you will arrive at Rio de Janeiro at 10.20 the next morning or at Buenos Aires at 2.20 the next afternoon. The service goes by way of Dakar.

Travelling overnight across the Atlantic does not suit everyone. Although there is very little to see, daylight flights always appeal. K.L.M. are introducing a new service from Scotland during the peak period, June 11 to September 26, leaving Prestwick after lunch at 1.50 and arriving in New York at 9.20 in the evening. This will enable businessmen to get a proper night's sleep after they arrive or, if they have to travel further west or south, to make reasonable connections that night. For those who wish to travel from Manchester and Birmingham, B.E.A. can offer convenient connections with Prestwick. D.C.-7 C aircraft will be used, and if you feel like taking a case of whisky with you, duty free, that facility has now been obtained for Prestwick Airport.

In complete contrast there is a Pan American flight No. 100 which leaves Idlewild Airport, New York, at 8 p.m. local time and arrives in London at 7.35 a.m., in time for breakfast. It will be a short night, but no daytime will be wasted. There is a new fare to Moscow of £89 2s. return, which, although still subject to Government approval, should be available until the end of January next, covering twenty-three-day visits by any B.E.A. tourist flight.

B.E.A. have now arranged for road transport to be available between London Airport and Gatwick. A scheduled service will be operated, leaving London Airport at 12.15 and arriving at Gatwick at 1.45. The return service leaves at 4.45 and arrives at London Airport at 5.30.

W. D. C. C.

The Sphere of Travel

AROUND THE LAKES OF SWITZERLAND

Lake Lucerne—the Happy Hunting-ground of Those Fascinated by the Tell Legend; Lugano—the Sun has a Southern Warmth; Walen and Seealp Lakes—Rarely Mentioned in Guide-books

By GORDON COOPER

THE encomiums of travellers on the Swiss lakes are innumerable, and most of us have our own special favourites. For myself, I rather tend to wobble in my loyalties, for I love them all and am perfectly content when I find myself staying beside any one of them. There is surely no more restful experience than to travel by lake steamer from one end of a lake to the other, calling on the way at the various bustling little lakeside ports.

The most important lakes are Léman, or Geneva (shared with France), Lucerne, Zug, Neuchâtel, Bienne, Zurich, Constance (shared with Germany and Austria), Thun, Brienz, Walen, Maggiore and Lugano (both being shared with Italy). In addition, there are some delightful small lakes, such as the Oeschinen and the Blausee, near Kandersteg, in the Bernese Oberland, the Seealp, in the Appenzell country, Morat, and Sils, in the Grisons.

Some of these, by the way, may lack grandiose scenery, but they still have charms which would be distinctly magnetic in any country with less formidable competitors. For myself, I rather prefer a lake which is not crowded around with mountain peaks and where I can get a long-distance panoramic view. In addition, such lakes often provide an interesting hinterland. The Lake of Neuchâtel is a case in point.

For anyone who has never been abroad before, I always recommend Switzerland as the best country in which to take the plunge into foreign travel. Everything there is made so easy and comfortable for the tourist, that he need have no qualms about running into difficulties or trouble. For a start, I suggest a holiday either at Lucerne or Lugano. Both are lovely spots, with good hotels to suit every purse, and opportunities for a variety of interesting excursions. Lucerne itself is a good centre from which to explore its lake, although it may not appeal to those who dislike tourist crowds—an inevitable price it has to pay for its never-waning popularity. Yet I consider the view you get, especially after dark, of its fourteenth-century wall, bristling with watchtowers and medieval romance, all flood-lit, is one of the finest city sights in Europe. I never quite get over being surprised at this scene, nor of the two much-photographed covered bridges, with their curious pain ceilings, while the famous *Lion of Lucerne*, carved out of fern-encrusted limestone cliff and reflected in a pool, is o of the most pathetic and impressive memorials of the wo

Lake Lucerne is the happy hunting-ground of tho who are fascinated by the Tell legend, while on a lo green slope called the Rütli is the spot where, in 12 the formation of Switzerland was brought about by representatives of three forest cantons. Nearby Brunn situated at an angle which commands a perfect view of two finest arms of this most spectacular of lakes, is o of the best places in Switzerland for headquarters wh making short one-day excursions. The quite beautiful a little-visited lakes of Zug, Lowerz and Aegeri are cl neighbours. Other pleasant resorts alongside the wind shore of Lake Lucerne include Weggis, Vitznau, a Stansstad, and on a lofty ledge overlooking the water Bürgenstock, where there are several hotels of vari categories, including two of the first rank. You surrounded by peace and quiet.

If you like Italy, you will like Lugano, the biggest res in the Italianate Ticino, yet retaining many definite Sw characteristics, including a passion for cleanliness. Ha the sun has a southern warmth, and I know of no pleasan lakeside stroll than the one you get here along promenade, with a superb panoramic view before your e all the time: richly green mountains in the background, de blue skies overhead, and the lazy blue waters of the lake your side. Gay life abounds in Lugano, and in additi to various excursions by boat to quaint villages ther the opportunity to visit Northern Italy, including Mi

Locarno is a modest rival of Lugano as a pop resort of Ticino, but in some ways I like it better than more sumptuous competitor. Perhaps it is because I especially fond of Lake Maggiore, and then there are fascinating mountain valleys of the hinterland waiting t explored. I would like to mention, too, nearby Asc with its old town, typical lakeside life, and an ann musical festival. This is a spot I can recommend fo late autumn holiday, for, along with Locarno, it is of the warmest places in Switzerland. Brissa another resort, is also pleasant.

I now take you to the other end of Switzerlan to Lake Léman, the second largest of the Sw lakes, although the greater part of its south sh belongs to France. Lausanne, a leading resort, wa its appendage Ouchy, lies fairly near the middle the north or Swiss bank, and so may be ta as a fixed centre. From it you can cross ove Evian (with its gambling casino) in about half hour, while many other excursions are availa Lausanne itself is quite a gay city. Then, alongs this lake, with its many literary associations ov its atmosphere of spaciousness and ease, I f very much Vevey, which still retains an a fashionable distinction. Not far distant is fa Montreux, to-day the goal of countless tou Nevertheless it must be visited if only to invit the Castle of Chillon.

LAKE LUGANO AND LAKE LEMAN: Mountain slopes rise steeply from the shores of Lake Lugano. In the background is the town of Castagnola. The town of Lugano is the biggest resort in the Canton of Ticino and is noted for its gay life. *On right*—This view from Lausanne-Ouchy shows part of Lake Léman. The second largest of the lakes, it is shared with France.

LOO.. .G ACROSS LAKE LUCERNE AT RIGI: A lake steamer is moored at a jetty at Lucerne, one of Switzerland's popular holiday spots. In the centre background are the snow-covered ..pes of Rigi. Lake Lucerne is of great interest to those fascinated by the William Tell legend, while the magnificence and variety of the surrounding scenery are other attractions.

In the Bernese Oberland, Interlaken is squeezed in etwe.. the lakes of Thun and Brienz. The former, with ts c..gy and wooded shores and red-roofed villages, back..t by all the sublimity of the Bernese Alps, has on one.. such charming resorts as Beatenbuch (with the ave.. f the Irish saint, Beatus), Merlingen, Oberhofen, nd ..ilterfingen (with its inland Water Sailing School). On t..e opposite bank, there is Spiez, an excellent centre or excursions into the Bernese Oberland and a delightful esort in itself, while at the west end of the lake lies the own of Thun, a medieval and almost an ideal Swiss town f picture and postcard.

Although Brienz is not so imposing as its twin lake, et I find it satisfying, and the quaint little town of Brienz, ith its wood-carving—there is an excellent Wood-carving chool there—makes a good centre for a holiday.

Not far distant is Meiringen (not quite on the lake), near which is the narrow, rocky chasm of the Aar and the Reinchenbach Falls, where you can see the very spot on which Sherlock Holmes was last seen before toppling over into their giddy abyss. Also in the Bernese Oberland are the Oeschinensee and the tiny Blausee, both pearls among Swiss mountain lakes. They lie near Kandersteg, but only the former offers hotel accommodation.

The lakes of Morat, Neuchâtel and Bienne lie in north-west Switzerland, within easy reach of Berne. They are all peaceful lakes without any outstanding spectacular scenery, yet they are satisfying, especially if you lodge beside the shore. The little medieval town of Morat is one of Switzerland's forgotten places, and it is one of the best preserved walled towns in Europe, superbly situated above its lake, with good hotels whose terraces look down upon the water. Neuchâtel, too, is attractive and it is the gateway to Switzerland's chief watch-making sector and to all those lovely lost villages in the Jura hills so seldom seen by Britons, yet so richly worth seeing. Bienne is also a good centre for explorations throughout north-western Switzerland, and it is a pleasant city in which to stay, with a rather unexpected old town. Its lake is pleasant but rather placid, and the small steamers which take tourists the length of it stop at St. Peter's Island, where there is one of Rousseau's hiding-places, looking much the same as when he stayed there.

The Lake of Zurich is so built up around its banks that it can hardly be considered a holiday centre, although if staying in Zurich itself it is pleasant to lodge in a lakeside hotel. Not far distant from this extremely modern city is north-east Switzerland, a region which deserves to be far better known. St. Gall, for instance, is as delightful a city as any in the country; it is also the gateway to the curious Appenzell country. Not far distant is the Lake of Constance, but its main towns are industrial centres rather than resorts. Still, if you go westwards to the Untersee there are some very pleasant spots, such as Steckborn, Ermatingen and Gottlieben, while further on, on the Upper Rhine, there is Stein-am-Rhein, one of the loveliest medieval towns in Switzerland.

In the southern portion of this corner of Switzerland are the Walen and Seealp lakes. I almost feel as though I have personally discovered them, for they are rarely mentioned in the guide-books. The Walensee is a nine-mile gash in the Alps filled with Switzerland's blue water. For those wishing to get off the beaten track, I suggest that they might care to live simply in one or other of the only two hamlets which cling by their eyelashes to the almost vertical north bank of this lake; one is named Betlis (reached from Weesen), the other, named Quinten, being reached by a ferry from Murg. High above these little villages rise tremendous cliffs, with extensive pastures upon their crests.

Seealpsee (near Weissbad), too, is an idyllic spot, but you must either walk or travel there on muleback, while, fortunately perhaps, there is no hotel there to disturb the atmosphere of tranquillity. Finally, I wish to mention some lakes in the Grisons: a little gem at Flims-Waldhaus, which shimmers blue and golden in the sunlight—the perfect spot for a honeymoon; and the chain of lakes which run southwards from St. Moritz. The Lake of Sils is a beautiful sheet of water, and both at Silvaplana (on Lake Silvaplana), Sils-Maria (specially recommended) and Maloja, there is good hotel accommodation.

IN AUSTRIA THIS SUMMER

The 150th anniversary of Haydn's death is being commemorated this year throughout Austria by a series of special celebrations. At Eisenstadt, the capital of the Burgenland, where he spent many creative years as the leader of the court orchestra of Prince Esterhazy, there will be a series of concerts. In Vienna, a number of memorial concerts will be given in his honour, and from May 23 the important exhibition, "Haydn and his Times," will be on show at Petronell Castle, near Vienna.

Another important celebration is linked with Andreas Hofer, the leader in the Tyrolean fight for freedom. There will be a big Tyrolean pageant in Innsbruck on September 13, in which all the bands and all the marksmen's companies of the Tyrol will partake in the big parade with their historical uniforms, magnificent traditional flags and attractive costumes.

RENOVATING THE ORGAN OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

The First Major Work on the Great Organ for Twenty-nine Years

DISMANTLING THE GREAT ORGAN OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: Men are seen at work on a section of the organ which was installed in the Cathedral in 1872. It is now being cleaned, overhauled, improved and partly modernised for the first time for twenty-nine years. The work is being carried out by the firm of Henry Willis and Sons Ltd., of Bermondsey, who originally built it at a cost of about £7,000. The price of the organ now would be in the region of £80,000. In order to speed the work some parts of the organ have been sent to the firm's other factories in Edinburgh and Nottingham. It is hoped to have the organ ready by Christmas, but much depends on the later stages. Towards the end of the work a certain amount will have to be done at night when the Cathedral is absolutely still and quiet. This will be particularly necessary during the tuning. While the renovation work is in progress the Cathedral organists are using a small but powerful substitute organ. The front of the great organ is not being touched.

AT WORK IN THE DOME OF THE CATHEDRAL: The men are dismantling the pedal sound-board of the organ in the north-east quarter gallery. In the background is part of the trumpet militaire.

On right—

REPAIR WORK ON THE SPOT: In the south-east quarter of the gallery the men are overhauling the windchest in the diapason chorus section. Glue is being poured in to seal and isolate the wind chambers. All work on the organ stops during services in the Cathedral.

THE MOST POWERFUL STOP ON THE ORGAN: The pictures *above* and *on right* show some of the many pipes of the trumpet militaire being removed for renovation. The stop is the handle or knob by which a graduated set of organ pipes, producing tones of the same quality, is turned on or off.

A RADICAL CHANGE IN THE GLASS INDUSTRY

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

EARLY this year a company called Pilkington Brothers Ltd.—the most famous name in the British glass industry and in large sections of it the only name—announced a new product, and process, called "float glass." It was, it said, a landmark in the history of flat glass, in that it combined the "fire finish" which gives sheet glass its smooth, unpolished surface, with the parallel surfaces, and freedom from distortion, of plate glass. Pilkington's announced "float glass" simultaneously throughout the world, with statements in eleven languages; it believes this is the most fundamental and revolutionary of all the advances in glass-making during the present century, and one which will eventually—following Britain—be adopted throughout the world.

Sheet glass, the kind one has in one's own house windows, gets its smooth surface from the fact that it is drawn upward out of a tank of molten glass and cools without contact with any other surface; but the weight and viscosity of the rising glass cause strains and ripples, so that the clear surface is not truly flat. For mirrors, windscreens, or shop windows one needs a glass freer from distortion; sheet glass, which flows horizontally along a flat surface, and is then ground and polished, achieves this. Some way of getting a "fire finish" on glass drawn out horizontally has long been the aim of glass technologists: Pilkington's has achieved it by taking the continuous ribbon of glass out across a tank of molten metal. This supports it, but the "interface" between the two molten liquids is naturally flat and gives it an unspoiled "fire polished" surface brighter than that achieved by normal grinding and polishing.

EXAMINING A SAMPLE OF FLOAT GLASS: Mr. Alastair Pilkington (left), the technical director of Pilkington Brothers Limited, St. Helens, Lancashire, and members of the development team, examine a piece of the new glass. Behind them is the chequered background which is used in measuring distortion.

Mr. Alastair Pilkington, the firm's technical director, conceived the idea in October 1952. After experiments and pilot plant trials, the company decided to install a full-scale unit in April 1955. The plant first went into operation in May 1957; and since July 1958 it has been making a thoroughly satisfactory product. Float glass is now being used for mirrors, Triplex car windscreens, and shop windows. When the development costs of the new process are recovered, it should be a much cheaper way of making top-quality glass, since its capital costs, with grinding and polishing eliminated, are much lower than in plate glass manufacture. Whether it can ever approach the much lower costs of sheet glass is another question.

This float glass process is only the latest of a long succession of major technical changes in the manufacture of flat glass. This is an industry in which plant and equipment quite often become obsolescent and have to be replaced long before they have worn out. Glass is one of the oldest of manufactured industrial materials. Apart from improvement in quality and uniformity, the main forms in which it is used have not changed greatly over many years. But the manufacturing processes by which it is made have been subject to a continuing technical revolution; and this rapidity of change has had a good deal to do with the commercial concentration of the industry.

That concentration, in sheet and plate glass, is now complete: Pilkington's is the only producer. The group also produces practically all the optical glass made in Britain; it owns Fibreglass Ltd.; and through its holding in Triplex (Northern) Ltd., owned jointly with Triplex, has a major interest in production of toughened safety glass. Among its other interests are the making of glass insulators, and in recent years of cathode ray tubes for television and other electronic purposes. This dominant position, it is worth noting, is only in flat glass production; the group has very little interest in glass bottle manufacture, the other big sector of the glass industry, and though for a time after the war it owned James A. Jobbling Ltd., the makers of Pyrex heat-resisting glassware, it later sold its interest to Tillings Ltd. and to the big American glass producer Cornings.

In few other British industries, or even major sectors of them, has any single firm so dominant a position; nor, where conditions of near-monopoly exist, does one ordinarily expect to find technical change so lively and continuous. But in fact, in flat glass manufacture, it seems to have been largely the succession of radical developments, each of which puts companies that were behindhand at a great technical disadvantage, that thinned out the glass manufacturers. Nor were the few remaining, and eventually Pilkington's alone, comfortably insulated from competition; imports, from highly-efficient producers abroad, some of which at times have been technically ahead, have always been a spur to progress here.

Most of these technical changes, again, have made it possible to concentrate manufacture of window and plate glass into larger units: these "economies of scale" operated against the smaller manufacturers, driving them mainly into production of more specialised types and qualities of glass. The early "crown glass" process, in which a ball of molten glass was spun into a flat disc (leaving that characteristic boss in the middle that one still sees on very old window-panes), was superseded by cylinder glass, made by splitting a blown glass cylinder along one side and opening it out into a flat sheet. The Siemens regenerative furnace, perhaps better known in open-hearth steel manufacture, was a boon to bulk production of glass as well; raw material could be fed in at one end of the melting tank and molten glass drawn off continuously at the other. Machines for blowing large glass cylinders were superseded by a technique of drawing cylinders straight out of the molten glass; this in its turn was replaced by the flat-drawn processes, which draw the glass up vertically through asbestos-covered rollers into an annealing tower. Flat-drawn manufacture of sheet, as a continuous process, allows a very high rate of production; there are only seven sheet-glass tanks in the country, and at times since the war one of these has been put into reserve.

Plate glass, which was originally made by pouring molten glass from pots between rollers on to a table (a process still used for special thicknesses and sizes), was converted to continuous-flow production rather earlier. Pilkington's developed continuous "lehrs" or cooling chambers for the glass; shortly after the First World War they had a continuous grinding machine through which the glass is passed under a series of grinding heads; and at about the same time, developing an invention of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit, the group achieved continuous rolling of a ribbon of glass from the melting tank to the rollers. This replaced the casting of glass plate from pots. In the '30's the group developed twin grinders and polishers, which grind and polish both surfaces of the plate glass at the same time. Pilkington's supply Britain's whole requirements of plate glass from two plate-glass tanks, one at St. Helens and one at Doncaster.

Development of the saloon motor-car in the '20's brought the motor industry to the fore as a customer first for plate glass and then, to an increasing degree, for safety glass. This is of two kinds. The first one successfully developed, laminated glass, which consists of a sandwich of thin plate glass on each side with transparent plastic in the middle, is still specified in many car markets abroad; export models of British cars frequently use it. Toughened glass, perfected in the '30's, is produced by heating shaped glass in an electric furnace and chilling it rapidly by applying a blast of air to both faces at once. This is the safety glass ordinarily used in British cars; while the way that it becomes opaque once an impact breaks the surface can be disconcerting for the driver whose windscreen is hit by a flying stone, recent tests have shown that it means less danger of injury for car occupants in a crash than laminated glass may.

Glass fibre began to be developed in Britain early in the '30's; originally by Chance Brothers Ltd., at that time the other major producer of flat glass in Britain. Chances had already had agreements with Pilkington's concerning the manufacture of "Vitaglass" (a special glass transparent to ultra-violet rays), and concerning glass manufacture abroad. Large-scale manufacture of glass fibre was developed by a jointly-owned company set up shortly before the war. The two firms worked together, again, in the production of optical glass, for which up to the last war Britain had relied largely upon German supplies. From the '30's onwards Pilkington's was buying shares from the Chance family; in 1951 Pilkington's bought the remainder of the ordinary capital.

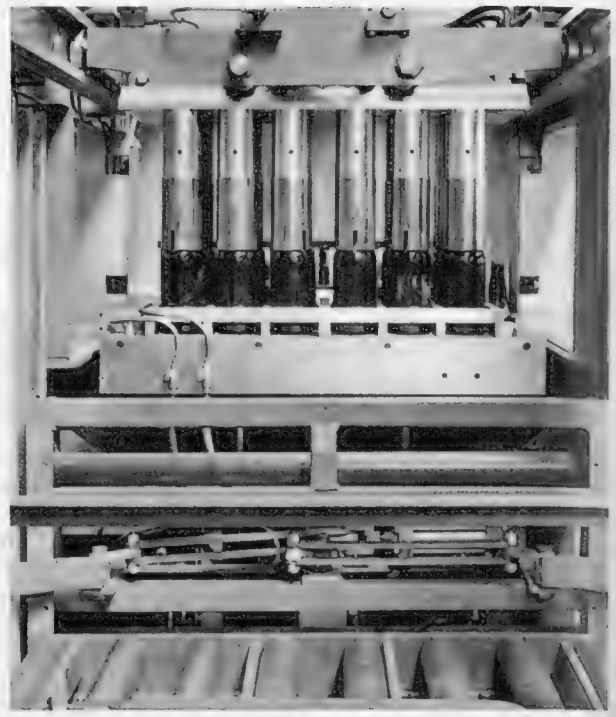
Intensive development and modernisation during and since the war has put Pilkington's into a position of much greater strength *vis-à-vis* foreign competition than at times during the inter-war period, when price-cutting was particularly bitter. The group is in undisputed command of the British flat glass industry; in fibreglass and the manufacture of cathode ray tubes, it has two rapidly developing new fields of manufacture; and development of new techniques such as twin grinding and float glass gives it a sizeable income from licensing patents abroad, as well as cutting its own costs of manufacture. The competition from transparent plastics that some people expected in the '30's has not really affected this section of the glass industry (though plastics of various kinds are affecting other sections, such as containers).

But this position of lonely eminence is an exposed one; nobody knows better than Pilkington's that any tendency to fall behind in development, or failure to meet cost reductions achieved abroad, would immediately bring criticism of its dominance and responsibility. Effectively, this has had a result quite often seen in modern firms which dominate an industry, one which earlier critics never foresaw. It has made the dominant producer extremely cautious in its price policy, and has reinforced its determination to keep technically abreast—and to-day well ahead—of the world.

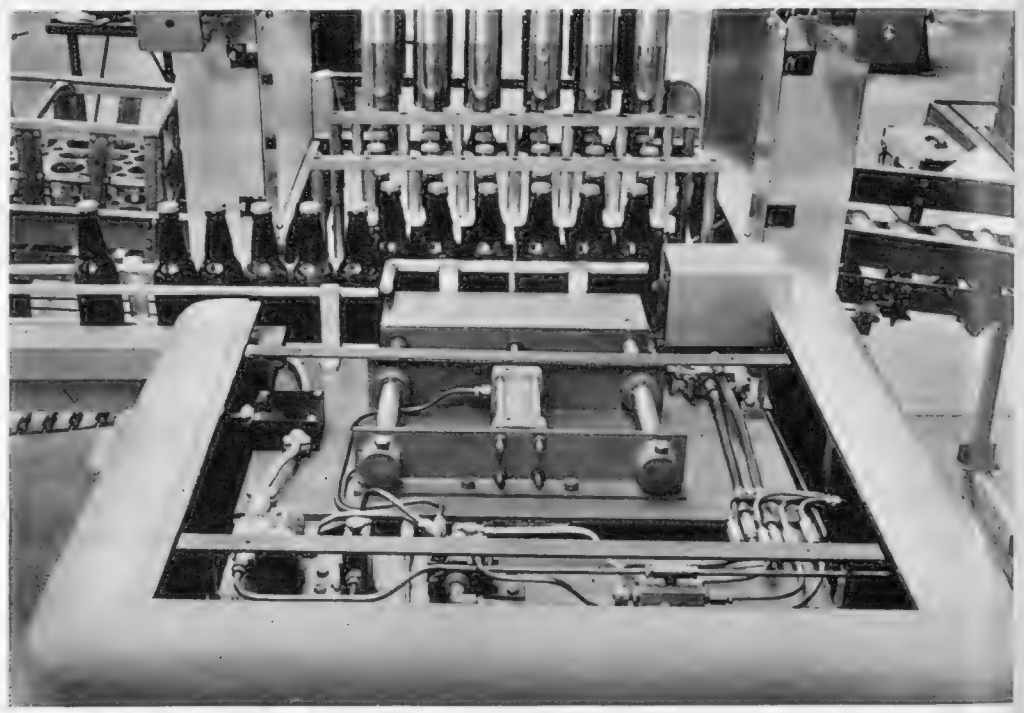
POLISHING PLATE GLASS: At the Cowley Hill Works of Pilkington Brothers, the sheets of glass pass through a high-speed polisher. The firm supplies all Britain's plate glass requirements from two tanks, one at St. Helens and the other at Doncaster, and is the only producer in the country of sheet and plate glass.

A NEW BOTTLE-PACKING MACHINE

The new Crawley bottle-packing machine has a maximum capacity of 12,000 half-pint bottles per hour. It is newly designed and made by Hambling Industries Limited, Chichester, a member of the Ayling Industries Group. The development is said to have cost £50,000. The bottle-packer takes standard brewery bottles, sealed with crown corks and delivered into the machine by a single-line conveyor. They are packed into crates twenty-four at a time. Most types of metal and timber crates can be used. Badly damaged crates, those fed in upside down and even those partly empty are automatically rejected by the machine. Very little supervision is needed as long as the machine is fed with the necessary bottles and crates. For maintenance purposes only the occasional services of one operator is required. The bottle-packer works on compressed air and there is a built-in counting device and a master control with an emergency stopping switch. It can be regulated to work below its maximum output and is designed to operate on different voltages, to suit customers' requirements.



PUTTING BOTTLES INTO CRATES: *On left*—Twenty-four bottles have just been packed into the crate on the left of the conveyor belt while a further twenty-four are poised ready to be put into the empty crate on the right. *On right*—The bottles have been put into their respective lanes and lifted by the marshalling table. The necks are held by the pneumatically-controlled gripper heads. This machine handles 12,000 bottles an hour.



MARSHALLING THE BOTTLES: The cover plates at the rear of the new Crawley bottle-packing machine have been removed to show the pneumatic pipe work and the pusher bar ram. Six bottles are being pushed by the ram into the marshalling lanes. In the left background is an empty crate running into position to be filled.

NEW BUILDINGS

The building is to be constructed on the Albert Embankment, in London, for clients of Messrs. John D. Wood and Company. It will be a ten-storey office block incorporating a number of unusual features. The reinforced concrete structure will consist of beamless floors spanning from the outside concrete walls to a double row of columns in the centre of the building, giving a large open floor space. Air-conditioning will be fitted throughout

On right—

Galway Street, Finsbury, is the site of a new housing scheme for Finsbury Borough Council which is being undertaken by Wates Limited. The architect's drawing is of one of the two seventeen-storey point blocks to be built with another six-storey block. Covering an area of 3·63 acres, the scheme provides for 240 dwellings. Both point blocks are to face south over an area which is scheduled to be open parkland after 1960. The contract is valued at about £670,000 and is scheduled to take 90 weeks to complete. Work started on the site on January 1.

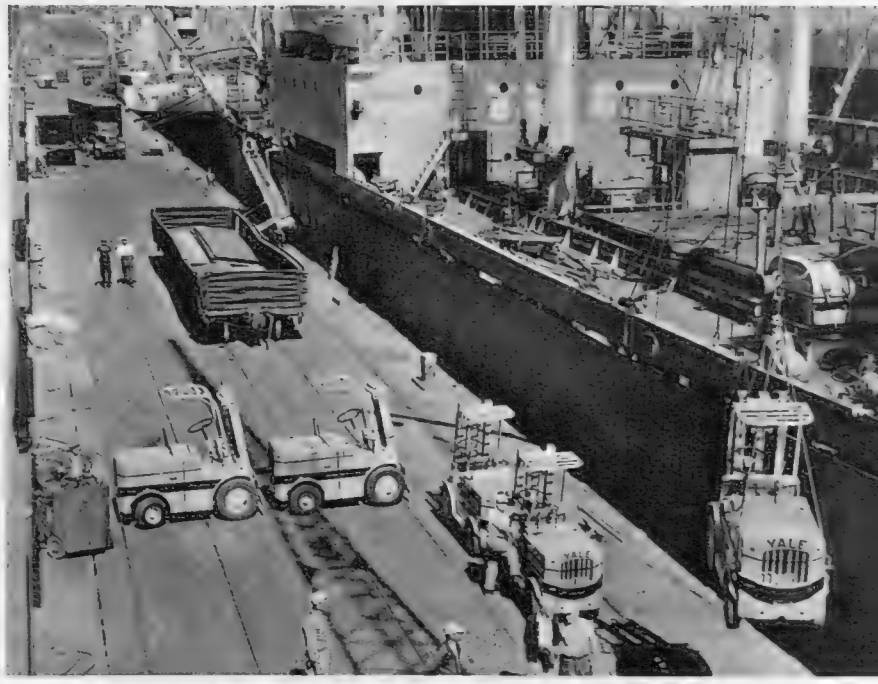
AN UNUSUAL STRUCTURAL FEATURE

State House, a new sixteen-storey office building being built at High Holborn, in London, has a structural feature which is believed to have been adopted for the first time in the United Kingdom. The model shows that the main columns of the structure are outside, over the top, and, except in the short connecting links, clear of the building. This gives the impression that the blocks are suspended between the columns. A development of the Wohl Group of Companies, State House has a frontage of approximately 230 ft. and a depth of 300 ft. Tersons Limited are the main contractors for the project. The official opening of State House is scheduled for the early autumn.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

Scaffolding surrounds the tall columns and many cranes are used to help construction work on the new oil refinery at Whitegate, in County Cork. The project is situated close to the entrance of Cork Harbour. Nearing completion, the refinery, which is stated to be the largest industrial scheme ever to be carried out in Southern Ireland, is expected to begin operating in May. It is controlled by the Irish Refining Company; this is a consortium formed by the three main petroleum companies in Ireland—Irish Shell, Esso and Caltex. A total of about £12,500,000 has been invested in the gigantic new refinery.

IRELAND'S LARGE INDUSTRIAL PROJECT



ON THE WAY TO BRAZIL: Yale trucks, part of the largest single export order for industrial trucks, are hoisted on board. It was estimated that thirty ships were needed to carry 572 trucks destined for eighteen Brazilian ports, as part of an overall port modernisation programme.

On right—
EGGS BY SEA: Cargoes of eggs, produced in the Orkneys and Shetlands, are taken on board on Yale trucks, made by the Yale and Towne Manufacturing Company (British Materials Handling Division). The islands produce over 80,000,000 eggs a year, which are carried by ship across the North Sea. The trucks are part of a port mechanisation scheme to speed up deliveries on the route.

MECHANISED LOADING : On board a Union Castle vessel in London Docks a Yale fork truck is used to stow packs of tinplate two deep over the 'tween deck floor. On top of the false floor so formed, cars are then stowed. Union-Castle was the first line in the London Docks to use these trucks.

MECHANISATION AT BRITAIN'S PORTS

Although bulk cargoes, ore, grain, coal and oil are handled at new terminals in Britain by mechanised systems, most of the volume of general cargo is still unloaded or loaded by the traditional methods of dock gangs. There are, however, two examples of mechanisation employed in British ports, both of them using trucks, built by the British Materials Handling Division of the Yale and Towne Manufacturing Company, Wolverhampton. On the Bergen Line routes from Norway to Newcastle, used for the transport of fish, great reductions in time have been effected. Cargoes are shipped in units instead of piece by piece; the boxes of fish are loaded on pallets or metal frameworks—each unit weighing 1½ tons. Fork trucks are used to handle these units in port operations. In 1952 ships were discharged at an average rate of 7 tons per gang/hour, but to-day trucking and the use of pallets have made possible up to 18 tons per gang/hour. The turn-round times for ships have been halved. It is estimated that under the new system one Bergen Line vessel carries as much cargo per year as two did in the same time under the old methods.

The North of Scotland, Orkney and Shetland Shipping Company has started to speed the handling of general cargo on a short sea trade route by the use of similar methods. In time it is planned that all piece goods will be placed on or in pallets on the wharf and moved through the cycle of loading operations in unit loads by Yale industrial trucks working on the wharfs and in the ship's holds. Vessels of the company already make regular voyages from Leith and Aberdeen to Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, and Lerwick, in the Shetlands. On the journey to the islands farming requirements and basic foods are carried and on the return voyage iced fish and eggs. It is claimed that mechanisation not only enables ships to spend less time in port, but also reduces damage, since the number of handling operations is reduced, and lowers costs for port authorities and stevedoring concerns.

CHANGING

Drawings

DEVELOPMENT IN THE STRAND

The turreted buildings shown in this drawing are on the corners of Adelaide Street, William IV Street and the Strand. They stand close to the sites of several development areas where construction work on new shops and offices is well under way. Also, under the London County Council's improvement scheme, the Strand itself has been widened to about 80 ft. overall from Halifax House to Northumberland Street. The forecourt of Charing Cross Station has been decreased and several buildings demolished to make way for the widening.

The turreted buildings illustrated have been described by Mr. F. H. W. Sheppard, who is the General Editor of the *Survey of London*. He says that the architect was probably William Herbert who died in 1863. "John Nash," he says, "appears to have been responsible for the general idea of the corner turrets, and certainly for the Lowther Arcade which formerly ran through the middle of the site, but the plans ultimately approved by the New Street Commissioners were submitted by Herbert, who became the lessee of the site."

A CROYDON THEATRE CONTROVERSY

The site of the Grand Theatre at Croydon, in Surrey, was bought in 1956. Last autumn, it was proposed that the theatre, the only one in the town, should be demolished and a block of offices erected in its place. This proposal brought forth protests from a large number of local residents, nearly 100,000 people signing a petition for the theatre's preservation. Efforts have been made to prevent the demolition and Croydon Town Council have received a deputation from the petitioners. When the new owners applied for planning permission the Local Authority investigated the possibility of buying the site at a cost of £75,000 in order to keep the theatre open, but this proposal was rejected at a meeting of the Council by 34 votes to 24. At the same time the Council approved that planning permission should be granted to the owners for the erection on the site of an eleven-storey block of shops and offices. Subsequently, a public meeting was held at the theatre last month, to protest against the proposed demolition. The foundation-stone of the theatre was laid by Beerbohm Tree in 1895. It has seating accommodation for nearly 1,200.

THE FUTURE OF THE GRAND THEATRE CROYDON IS IN THE BALANCE: A p posal that the Town Council shou buy it was defeated last month, and resolution to override the Council's d cision has since been sent to the Minist of Housing and Local Governme

A PROPOSAL FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB

A CHANGE IN CLUB-LAND: Planning permission has been given for t erection of new premises on the site of the present Army a Navy Club, in Pall Mall. Part of the present club building stan on the site of what was once Nell Gwynne's house. It is include in the Government's supplementary list of scheduled building

On right—

Planning permission has now been given by the London County Council for the erection of a new building on the present site of the Army and Navy Club, in Pall Mall. In addition, they have given permission for a change in the use of the Club's annexe a short distance away. It is proposed that the first to seventh floors of this building should be converted for use as offices. While the old club is being rebuilt the members will use the annexe. Meanwhile, a protest against the demolition of the club has been launched by the Victorian Society of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. The present clubhouse was finished in 1850 at a cost of nearly £100,000. It is in the Italian Palazzo style of the nineteenth century and is considered to be a fine example of its kind. The drawing shows part of the building with its series of cast-iron flare standards on the balustrade.

On left—

THE PLAN FOR CARLTON MEWS

Carlton Mews, in Pall Mall, is another part of "Rural London threatened with demolition. It is currently the subject of con siderable discussion between the L.C.C., the Crown Estates Com missioners and officials of the United Services Club, in Pall Mall, wh propose to build an extension to their premises at a cost of abou £78,000. The site of the Club's projected new building is in th Mews, and the proposal is for a three-storey building for wome associate members. The old houses in the Mews are of specia architectural interest as they have ramps (shown in the drawing) an a balcony to give access to the first-floor stabling above the forme coach-house on the ground floor.

Altogether, there are eight Mews houses, and in the plan for th new extension to the club, half the number would come down. The are included in the supplementary list of scheduled buildings bu unlike the list of ancient monuments or historic buildings, can b demolished without notice. To be included on the supplementary lis means that the building in question is of interest but not of sufficien architectural or historic value to warrant statutory protection. Sinc the announcement of the new plan for Carlton Mews many objection have been raised against the threatened loss of the buildings.

LONDON

EOFFREY FLETCHER

ANOTHER CINEMA TO BE DEMOLISHED

The Davis Theatre at Croydon is due to be closed at the end of May and demolished. The site has been sold and is to be utilised for the erection of a block of offices. This theatre, which is, in fact, a cinema, was built in 1928. It is the second largest cinema in England and has seating accommodation for 4,700 people. Although its main function has been the showing of films it has been used for many other kinds of entertainment. Many well-known musical plays have been staged at the "Davis" as well as opera and ballet. It has also been used for orchestral concerts and boxing contests.

With the continued decline in admission figures more and more cinemas are being closed. Last year the total number of cinemas closed was 260, compared with 216 in 1957. In contrast, five new cinemas were opened in 1958 and thirty-eight reopened. A number of cinemas have been converted for other purposes such as dance halls, wrestling arenas and billiards saloons. One cinema in East London which was closed and converted as a wrestling arena was subsequently reopened as a cinema after local protests.

ENGLAND'S SECOND LARGEST CINEMA IS TO BE DEMOLISHED: The site of the Davis Theatre, at Croydon, has been sold and the cinema is to be demolished. It was built in 1928. A block of offices is to be erected on the site.

On right—

A SOUTH LONDON CHURCH MAY GO

Although the parish church of St. James, in Bermondsey, is still being used for services, its future is in the balance. It is a large church with seating accommodation for 1,600, but at present the congregation on Sunday evenings is very small. When it became known that the church might become redundant, efforts were made by the London County Council and the Local Authority to adapt it for use as a library, museum or civic hall. But all these proposals failed to materialise. The church has a floor area of between 5,000 and 6,000 sq. ft. and each year the cost of heating and maintaining the building amounts to about £500. Several years ago it was estimated that it would cost £20,000 to put it completely in order. At present the parish is merged with nearby Christ Church.

St. James's was one of the churches built in London to commemorate the Battle of Waterloo. It was designed and built by John Savage and is of London stock brick with a Bath-stone steeple. The building cost £21,000, of which sum, local people subscribed half. It has been described by the Vicar, the Rev. H. S. Napper, as a beautiful church on classical lines, and is said to be the most impressive of all the churches built by the Waterloo Commission. It is in the Grecian style, the west front being designed with a portico composed of four Ionic columns, surmounted by an entablature and pediment. The steeple is square in plan and has four stages or divisions. Inside the lofty church, galleries run along the two sides. When St. John's Church, in Waterloo Road, was being rebuilt as part of the Festival of Britain, the architects visited St. James's to examine the building. St. John's was another church built by the Waterloo Commission.

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, BERMONDSEY, SOUTH LONDON: It is in danger of demolition but no final decision has yet been reached regarding its ultimate fate. The church of St. James was designed and built by John Savage in 1827-29.

On left—

NEW LIFE FOR THE OLD METROPOLITAN

The ninety-five-year-old Metropolitan Theatre, in Edgware Road, is to have a new lease of life—but only for a short while. Permission has now been given by the L.C.C. for the theatre authorities to convert the premises into a theatre restaurant. But this adaptation will be short lived as the theatre will have to be acquired and demolished in 1960 in connection with the L.C.C.'s scheme to widen the Edgware Road and to provide a fly-over from Marylebone Road to Harrow Road. Work on the scheme will probably start in 1961.

The Metropolitan is one of London's few remaining music halls. Of plush, if somewhat ornate, Victorian elegance, it is a survival redolent of the heyday of the great comedians and variety turns so popular with audiences of those days. Many of to-day's well-known entertainers first appeared on its stage early in their careers. Another recent casualty in the music hall world is the Chiswick Empire, in West London, which is to be demolished to make way for an eleven-storey block of shops and offices. The block is to have a 120-ft.-high central tower.

The World of Books

The Healers and the Sick

An Autobiography of a Distinguished Surgeon; American Juvenile Delinquency; The "Beat" Generation; Biography—Contemporary and Historical; And Novels of the Week

SIR HENEAGE OGILVIE is an immensely distinguished surgeon in whose long experience have been wars, campaigns, discoveries, inventions and great changes in his own profession. Now he has looked back with characteristic forthrightness over some of his experiences, both surgical and otherwise, and the result is a book of memoirs both readable and original, NO MIRACLES AMONG FRIENDS (Max Parrish. 18s.), a title which reflects the author's humorous observation and attitude to life. His volume is a collection of essays, on growing up, on the importance of leisure, on the yes-man and, among other subjects, on death. Sir Heneage writes with admirable clarity, hits out left, right and centre at psychiatrists and suggests that "a happy man is captain of his cells and master of his fate, and that he is therefore immune from certain diseases . . . a provocative balloon that any real scientist could shoot down." If, in his own words, Sir Heneage is not "a real scientist," he is quite certainly a fine surgeon, a born writer and a man dedicated to healing.

The next two books would certainly be understood by the writer of the memoirs I have been discussing, but I doubt whether they would be appreciated. They are, nevertheless, of considerable interest in a morbid kind of way. THE SHOOK-UP GENERATION (Michael Joseph. 18s.) is by far the more important of the two. This is a masterly piece of reporting, by Mr. Harrison E. Salisbury, on the juvenile delinquency which he has been observing in America over a period of months. The area in which he has been working is Brooklyn, but, as he writes, it could be duplicated in Chicago's South Side, in the slums of Gary, Indiana, or in south San Francisco. The facts he gives, with an almost clinical lack of comment, are horrifying. They are also facts to make one think, for, unhappily, juvenile delinquents are not a purely American manifestation. I found this book, written without a particle of sensationalism or false emotion, both brilliant and deeply disturbing.

PROTEST (Souvenir Press. 25s.) deals with another, though not as significant, contemporary problem: the Beat Generation and the Angry Young Men. In this volume Mr. Gene Feldman and Mr. Max Gartenberg have selected and edited a number of writings by the young men whom they consider to be among the most important working to-day and, as well as the two categories I have mentioned, they have devoted a third to criticism and commentary. In the latter there is Walter Allen's incisive review of *Lucky Jim*, and elsewhere Mr. Kingsley Amis is given two chances to express his own point of view. With him among the well-known cross-patches are Mr. John Wain, Mr. Colin Wilson, Mr. John Braine and Mr. John Osborne. The "beat" characters are mostly American and include Jack Kerouac, who first applied the word to his own contemporaries, and Clellon Holmes, whose novel, *Go*, has had a certain influence. Altogether, this is a very, very interesting selection, which is as instructive as it is depressing.

With patient devotion to his object, Herr Ernst Schnabel has followed the traces left by Anne Frank, the Jewish child whose memory has become a symbol of suffering and endurance, and who died in Belsen when she was sixteen. THE FOOTSTEPS OF ANNE FRANK (Longmans. 13s. 6d.) shows the little girl as she was known by the people of Amsterdam and by some of the survivors who knew her in that foul concentration camp. The first witness of all is her father, the only member of the family who is left, as his wife and the other children were all Nazi victims, and his reticence underlines the completeness of the tragedy. Herr Schnabel has written this little book almost as a work of piety and he has been well served by the translators, Richard and Clara Winston.

TILL THE DAY I DIE (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) is the extraordinary story of Frank Canizio, a forty-five-year-old American, two-thirds of whose life so far has been spent in orphanages or prisons, but who is now free. Mr. Robert Markel, to whom Canizio talked, has pieced together this story of a bitter, friendless life, the existence of a man who had hated his father, scarcely known his mother, and against whom, it could really be said, the dice had always been loaded. It is an ugly but dramatic tale, and the most amazing thing about it is that the man's character is not completely warped, that he does welfare work in orphanages and in tenement sections, that he still plays the guitar and sings the tunes he composed in prison, and that, free, he has made a happy married life for himself.

What a very far cry it seems—and is—from the last book and THE LORDS OF COBHAM HALL (Cassell. 50s.), a comprehensive review of the families who have inherited or been connected with this splendid Kentish mansion. Dr. Esmé Wingfield-Stratford, a kinsman of the Darnleys, writes with scholarly thoroughness about the early days of the place but concentrates on Cobham's greatest days, which covered the last half-century of the Georgian era in the "reign" of the fourth Earl. Before him there had been the de Cobhams and the Brookes and, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Duke of Lennox, head of the junior branch of the Stuart line and ancestor of the Blighs, who were to become Earls of Darnley. As so often in a book of this length and scope, some of the best reading is in the anecdotes and personal stories.

The majority of the novels this week come from overseas, beginning with THE HARD BLUE SKY (Heinemann. 18s.), a first novel and an impressive one by a young American, Miss Shirley Ann Grau. The setting for this long, richly-textured story is a small island off the coast of Louisiana, a strange, poor and remote place where the few inhabitants are, perforce, self-reliant and have in common an understanding, but not a terror of physical danger. They are differentiated by minor quirks, weaknesses or habits of mind, and growing up among them is a young girl on whom Miss Grau exercises her very real talent for character delineation. What I shall remember, though, even longer than this compassionate portrait, are the physical scenes so wonderfully conveyed, the hurricane winds, the trees, the oleanders, the nearby shore-line and the bare gardens with their few lilies and solitary pepper bushes. A haunting book and a splendid beginning to a career as a major novelist.

A PAINTING OWNED BY PRINCE CHARLES: Mrs. Lucy Wertheim looks at Christopher Wood's "The Red Funnel," one of the pictures in the retrospective exhibition of the artist's works at the Redfern Galleries, in London. Mrs. Wertheim, who was Christopher Wood's earliest patron, presented the picture to Prince Charles on the occasion of his tenth birthday, with the idea that it might form the first of a collection of paintings by the Duke of Cornwall. "The Red Funnel" is an appropriate gift since it was painted at Mousehole, by the young artist who died in 1930 in Cornwall.

AS THOUGH THEY HAD NEVER BEEN (Gollancz. 15s.) is a novel by Mr. Mark Oliver and it is unforgettable, too, in its very different way, for this is a story of Southern Italy and about a fatherless family of children, the oldest twenty, the youngest a new baby, who struggle to exist in sunshine and bitter poverty. Those who are old enough try to find work, any kind of work, but not all of them are lucky. It is Pasquale, the thirteen-year-old, with his insatiable hunger and his equally unquenchable anger against life, who fights the hardest for survival with every means at his instinctive disposal and, to a great extent, this is Pasquale's book: funny, terrible and infinitely moving.

THE DARK DANCER (Heinemann. 16s.) is an important, interesting, possibly significant, but not by any means comfortable novel about a Cambridge-educated young Brahmin who returns to India to marry the girl whom his parents have chosen as the most suitable for him—"There 's an O.B.E. in the maternal side and two uncles in Government Service." After their marriage, he is caught up in a growing political storm and, at the same time, in a stormy emotional crisis. With all this, and with a finely detailed picture of India on the verge of independence, Mr. Balachandra Rajan deals faithfully on an intellectual rather than a sentimental plane. His novel is admirable, planned with elegance and written with authority, so that it can scarcely be held against it that it makes no appeal to the heart.

Herr Hans Hellmut Kirst, who wrote three satirical, anti-militarist novels about one Gunner Asch, a notable individualist, has turned his attention from World War II to what he sees as World War III, the last seven days of Europe before it is blotted out. NO ONE WILL ESCAPE (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.) is terrifying intentionally and makes quite the uneasiest reading of this or any other week.

Another title full of doom, with M. René Puissesseau's SOMEONE WILL DIE TO-NIGHT IN THE CARIBBEAN (W. H. Allen. 15s.), a story of smuggling, outcasts and violence in some of the lesser-known islands. The author explains that it may be read as a novel, and, indeed, he has written it more or less in that form, but that it is a record of true adventure. It is exciting, even hair-raising.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY (Gollancz. 18s.) is based on fact, too, though Jay and Audrey Walz have frankly written this as a novel, and a very gripping one it has turned out to be. Just over a hundred years ago there lived in America a man of many accomplishments and of impeccable family background. He was Elisha Kane, doctor, scientist, writer and artist. He was also America's first great Arctic explorer and there is a sea named after him. At the same period there existed a little family whose two daughters were known as "the Rappers," because they were able to produce inexplicable psychic phenomena. They became famous or, in the view of many, notorious, and it was with the prettier of these two young girls that Kane is said to have fallen deeply in love. Their affair ended with Kane's early death and his country's spectacular tribute to him, but what will fascinate most readers in this wonderful book are the passages describing the hazardous and under-equipped expeditions to the North.

Just one thriller to complete this week's tally and that is VENETIAN BLIND (Cassell. 10s. 6d.), by Mr. William Haggard, who wrote *The Telemann Touch* and who continues successfully in his *milieu* of reticent Government offices contrasted with exotic savagery. I didn't really take to his ruthless Venetian beauty here, but otherwise it is a first-rate story.

Vernon Fane

Disaster in the Alleghenies

In 1889 the American Town of Johnstown was Nearly Destroyed by Flood

Johnstown is a city of Cambria County, Pennsylvania, lying some 75 miles from Pittsburgh on the Conemaugh River, in the heart of the Alleghenies. It has a reputation for making corsets, children's wear and motor-truck bodies. Precipitous hills surround the thriving town, and twice in fifty years it has suffered disastrous floods, the second occasion being in 1936, when the damage to property was in excess of 80,000,000 dollars; but there was no loss of life. The disaster of 1889 was quite a different affair. After unprecedented rains a dam across the South Fork, twelve miles above the city, suddenly gave way. The flood swept down the valley in an avalanche 20 ft. high. Within the hour Johnstown was almost completely wiped out, together with seven other towns in the valley.

Between 2,000 and 3,000 lives were lost in Johnstown out of a population of 30,000; for miles around communications were completely disrupted, and it was days before reliable news began to filter through from the stricken valley. In JOHNSTOWN: THE DAY THE DAM BROKE (Alvin Redman. 15s.) Michael O'Connor re-creates the story of the disaster of May 31, 1889, and the days that followed. Here is a carefully documented hour by hour report of the catastrophe; but much more fearful is the aftermath, the looting and the vandalism, the ghoulish onrush of sightseers who came in by every train with their box cameras at the ready. At first the journalists were put in the same category as the sightseers, being regarded by the rescue squads as nothing but a hindrance; it was only by degrees that it was realised that portrayal by the newspapers of Johnstown's plight was "to be the spring which released the bountiful aid for the devastated town." Mr. O'Connor tells the grim story with sympathy and an historian's touch.

Jack Webb, a television commentator well known for his famous Dragnet series, uses the script-writer's technique to present his inside story of the Los Angeles Police Department, under the title THE BADGE (W. H. Allen. 18s.). The dominating note is eulogistic and this description of the force in action against the mobsters and the drug peddlers of the Pacific coast certainly makes inspiring reading as far as law enforcement is concerned, if depressing reading from the general standpoint of twentieth-century civilisation on the North American continent.

Lionel Casson has tackled an immense theme in THE ANCIENT MARINERS (Gollancz. 21s.), an account of sea conquest from the earliest times, when the cockleshell heroes first braved the waters of Mesopotamia, to the great maritime empires of antiquity with their triremes and quinqueremes which set forth across the Mediterranean under man-power and sail. It is rich and colourful reading, as the sea gives to traders and warriors alike an expanding vision of the world. Mr. Casson pieces the jigsaw together with skill, and

LIMELIGHT ENOUGH

Sir Ronald Wingate, son of a famous father, is modest in the title chosen for his autobiography. At least he was an onlooker who saw most of the game or, at any rate, of the game played in the shadows. In his NOT IN THE LIMELIGHT (Hutchinson. 25s.) he relates without sensation and with great good humour the phases of his useful and interesting career in many fields, in the course of which he worked with some of the most famous Allied war leaders in responsible positions. His childhood in Cairo must be a golden memory; he was one among the golden youths of Balliol decimated in the First World War; and, rejected for an army career, he passed into the Indian Civil Service. Thence to Mesopotamia and Arabia in the First World War, and on to a variety of suddenly offered and important assignments on the outposts and at the centres of Indian Administration. He made a good job of each and all of them, always taking them up with diffidence as to his fitness. Professionally retired in 1939, he returned to hold many important posts in the last war all over the world, and it was then that he met de Gaulle, Mountbatten, and many other leaders and came to know them well. His notes and commentaries on them and their problems are always sensible and often illuminating, but usually he writes as a mere onlooker. A very different autobiography from Sir John Smyth's (which I reviewed in THE SPHERE of April 4), less controversial, less positive and forceful, but always interesting. A lot went on outside the beam of the spotlight in the Second World War, and Sir Ronald used his eyes to good effect in the dark.

"THE BONES OF CASTLEREAGH"

Between 1815 and 1822 much painful speculation was aroused by the suicides of leading politicians. One theory is that alternate bouts of over-drinking and eating and of reduction of pressure by bleeding weakened our ancestors in mind and body. Myself, I believe politicians of those days were far more emotional than those of our post-war days. In THE STRANGE DEATH OF LORD CASTLEREAGH (Heinemann. 18s.) Mr. Montgomery Hyde, admirably fitted for the task, has judicially examined all contemporary evidence to try to find a solution to a minor historical mystery, the suicide of the 2nd Marquis of Londonderry in August 1822. Castlereagh was not a great statesman, nor popular with the nation. But his family life was happy and he had faithful friends, such as Wellington, Princess Lieven and Mrs. Arbuthnot. The inquest was judicially conducted, if somewhat gentled, and the author makes admirable use of the transcript. There is clear evidence that Castlereagh was the victim of overwork, had for some years developed a persecution mania, and in the months preceding his death had convinced Wellington and his lady friends that his reason was becoming unseated. There is evidence also that during those months he had discussed suicide and even sought expert advice on the quickest way out. An account by a clergyman called Richardson, privately printed in 1855, of the motive for his suicide, reinforced by Mr. Montgomery Hyde's marshalling of all the evidence, may convince the reader that the mystery is solved; that Castlereagh had for some time been paying blackmail money to a gang who had deliberately framed him. It is a painful, exciting book, written without sensationalism, and all the more authoritative on that account.

John Gore

little enthusiasm. It is not hard to guess that this American Professor of Classics is himself an amateur sailor, and that this is a book about things that are close to his heart.

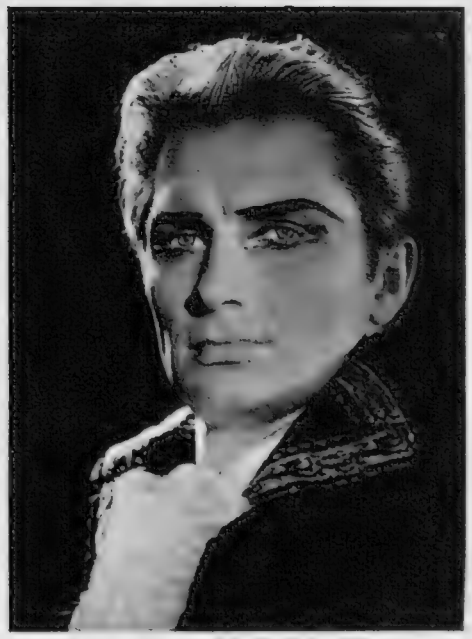
Karl Gilzin is a Russian specialist in thermodynamics, and he has already written widely on aspects of aviation, jet propulsion and astronautics. In SPUTNIKS AND AFTER (Macdonald. 21s.) M. Gilzin provides for the general reader an account of space exploration from the Soviet standpoint. He tells of the background work that went to the creation of the Sputniks and of the latest cosmic probe, Planet III. His speculations as to the future are gripping in the extreme, and his last chapter on a tour by excursion rocket to the moon, with visits to the lunar space jet fuel plant and evenings spent in the sub-lunar clubroom, are in the best Jules Verne manner.

Dr. and Mrs. Cunnington have now very nearly brought up to date their wonderful series of books on British costume, their latest contribution being a HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH COSTUME IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (Faber and Faber. 84s.). No one would doubt for a moment the seriousness of such a work, the wealth of research that has gone to its compilation, but there is here also some charming light relief in the shape of those unforgettable fashion shapes of sixty, seventy and eighty years ago, when the dolman and the pelisse played their part in the world of fashion and young ladies dared to go bicycling in things that were called rationals. The illustrations play a full part in this excellent book; they are the joint effort of co-author Phillis Cunnington and Cecil Everitt. R. C. E.

A NEW PROFESSOR HIGGINS: In the long-running American musical *My Fair Lady*, at Drury Lane, in London, Alec Clunes as Professor Higgins pours out tea while Julie Andrews as Eliza primly holds her cup. *On right*—Alec Clunes rehearses with Julie Andrews before taking over from Rex Harrison, who created the role in America and London. The new Professor Higgins received a warm welcome from the audience and showed, if not possessing Mr. Harrison's kind of personal charm, that he was well cast. Shaw once asked him to play the Professor in *Pygmalion*, the play upon which the musical is based. Alec Clunes gained a great deal of humour in his donnish portrait of the professor of semantics. Julie Andrews continues as Eliza, the part which she played in New York before coming to England with the musical. The other principals who are still in the cast are Robert Coote and Stanley Holloway.

ON THE LONDON STAGE

A FAMOUS BALLERINA IN LONDON: Starting a four-week season at Sadler's Wells, in London, on Monday (April 13), Tamara Toumanova will appear in a series of modern and classical *pas de deux* with her partner Wladimir Oukhtomsky (right). A dancer in the long tradition of Russian ballerinas, Toumanova made one of her first appearances on the stage, at the age of seven, with Anna Pavlova. In 1933, she appeared twice in London, the second time with Colonel de Basil's Monte Carlo Ballet, and helped to inaugurate the reign of the "baby ballerinas."



THE SHAPE OF A NEW STYLE OF MARQUEE: At East Molesey, in Surrey, a demonstration is given of the "airhouse." This original structure has the appearance of a large, balloon-like igloo. To erect it, the sections are first laid out deflated. In the demonstration airhouse there are two middle sections and the ends. Next the sections are laced together and the base ring is pegged down. Then they are inflated by means of air blown at a very low pressure through a fan pump (in centre of picture). A second pump on the other side of the house was used in the demonstration. From start to finish inflation took eleven minutes and the completed structure is 100 ft. long, 40 ft. wide and 20 ft. high. The manufacturers are Gourock Ropework Limited, of Port Glasgow, in Scotland, and the material is synthetic fabric—nylon or Terylene—coated with P.V.C. (polyvinal chloride) which is made by British Geon Ltd. An airhouse can be of any size, middle sections being added as required, with additional pumps. It could be used for many purposes, such as storage or for social functions, or as temporary accommodation in the fields of civil engineering, exploration and surveying, and in military operations. Prices are: end sections, £193 each; door £56; middle sections £233 each; and pumps £88 each. The cost of running a pump is about 1d. an hour.

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IN THE PROCESS OF INFLATION: Air is being pumped into the fabric and the house swiftly begins to rise. Only one pump is necessary for a house 100 ft. in length, although a second pump is advisable in reserve. If a pump fails, there is little danger of sudden collapse. Deflation at the demonstration took sixteen minutes.

ERECTION COMPLETED: A man who has been raised with the roof stands on the top and waves. The doors are of a normal type. Whether they are open or shut makes no difference to the speed of the erecting process.

INSIDE THE AIRHOUSE: On the right-hand curve is the fan pump intake. It is so designed that the air is directed upwards and keeps the roof taut. The whole structure remains erect because of a very slight difference in the air pressure on its inner and outer surfaces.

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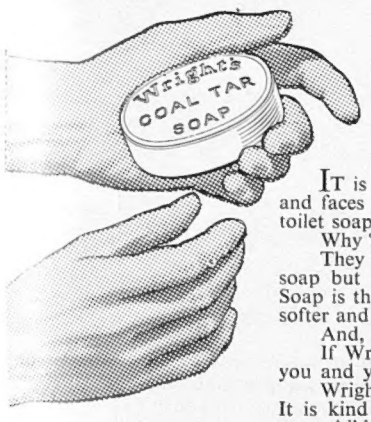

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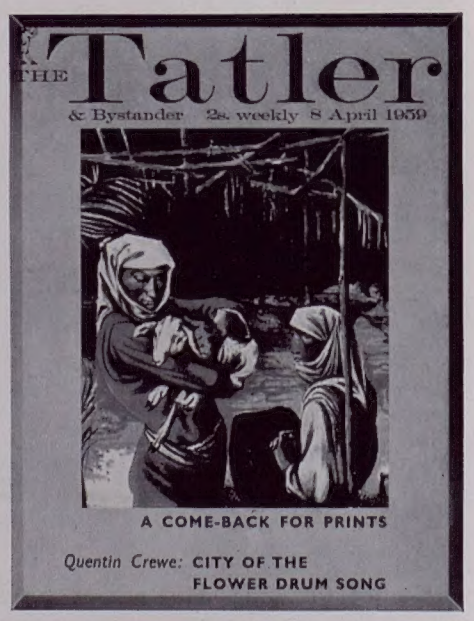
The April 8 issue includes: **A COME-BACK FOR PRINTS?** *Preview of a London exhibition designed to boost the reviving interest in prints—a colourful and economical decoration in the contemporary home.* **DANCING AND DINING OUT:** *Fashion pictures by Michel Molinare.* **CITY OF THE FLOWER DRUM SONG:** *Quentin Crewe describes San Francisco, setting for Rodgers' and Hammerstein's latest Broadway musical.* **CECILY MACKWORTH** *writes a hilarious account of domestic problems at her Normandy chateau.* **SOCIAL NEWS:** *Jennifer's social round includes the Grand National, the Horse and Hound Ball and the Royal Lancers Ball.* **ALSO:** *Siriol Hugh-Jones on Books, Gerald Lascelles on Jazz, Anthony Cookman at the Theatre, Elspeth Grant at the Cinema, Doone Beale on Travel and Helen Burke on Cookery.*



Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., 195-198 Strand, London, WC2

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Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1959. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

A bronze head of the Emperor Augustus. It is about 2,000 years old and is reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.

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